

MME. FAHMY : SPECIAL INTERVIEW.

CELEBRATING THE ACQUITTAL. CIGARETTES AND LIQUEURS IN WEST END HOTEL.

"I WANT TO SAY 'MERCI.'" QUICKLY RECOVERING GAIETY AND GOOD HUMOUR.

Mme. Fahmy experienced yesterday all the emotions between deepest despair and highest happiness.

In the morning she stood in the dock at the Old Bailey, still uncertain what the day had in store for her.

Last night she celebrated at a West End hotel, with a few intimate friends, her acquittal of the charge of murdering her vicious husband Fahmy Bey.

Scenes of intense satisfaction at the verdict were enacted outside the Old Bailey, as Madame and her friends slipped away almost unobserved.

MADAME AMONG HER FRIENDS.

Arrived at her hotel in Jermyn-street, W., Mme. Fahmy's first need was for complete rest.

Later in the evening there was a small gathering of intimate friends to congratulate her, and to cheer her towards complete recovery of her composure and good spirits.

From one of her specially-invited friends "The People" has obtained the following intimate account of her impressions of the trial.

Although I had had many opportunities of studying Mme. Fahmy, and had already decided that above everything hers was a resilient character and that she was possessed of a strong will, I must confess that a surprise awaited me when I saw her within a couple of hours or so after her trial resting in her room at France's Hotel.

Madame was still very pale. She had been sufficiently true to the whimsical ways of her sex to change her dress from the sombre black which she wore during her trial to garments of a brighter and more attractive hue.

It was obvious that although well on the road to regaining her composure again, she was still weak physically.

Surrounded by relatives and friends, she was gaily chatting, and a slight suggestion of hysteria now and again tinged her voice, who should say that she herself was to blame?

"So Strange to Me."

On the table stood a box of cigarettes. These she not only passed round, but herself took one and began to smoke with an air of exquisite enjoyment. And, sipping a liqueur, she spoke in voluble French, womanlike, referring at the outset to the uncomfortable seat in the dock and also to counsel's habit of removing and replacing their wigs at frequent intervals.

In explanation of this apparently trivial observation she asked, "Que voulez-vous, Monsieur?" and continued: "I could not understand anything that was being said, and to keep my mind from dwelling on the possible fate which awaited me I took pains to interest myself in everything that aroused the slightest interest in surroundings which were so strange and new to me."

"If I were asked what was the most dreadful experience during the trial I should answer without hesitation that awful moment when the pistol was once more placed in my hand. C'était terrible, Monsieur, terrible!"

Treated with Kindness.

"I was very much impressed by the calm and somewhat severe atmosphere of the court, which I could not help contrasting with that associated with similar buildings in France, where the lawyers rant and rave, and it is sometimes more like a theatre than a Palais de Justice."

Here Mme. Fahmy's tone became more serious. "I had fully expected last night," she said quietly, "that I should know the worst, and I was horrified when I saw the court

rising, and felt the hand of the wardress on my arm to show me that I must get up.

"For the moment I could only think that the trial had happened; and when I realised that I had another night of suspense I felt it was more than I could bear."

"I wish to say something about the kindness I met with while I was in prison, where everyone was most considerate. I was particularly grateful to the prison doctor, whose kindly attentions enabled me to snatch a few hours of precious slumber, when otherwise the painful activity of my brain would have made it impossible."

Here Madame broke off. She must first send a telegram to her beloved daughter, who is in France, informing her of the happy conclusion of the terrible ordeal through which she had passed.

Turning to her sister's friend, who had been present in the court during the whole of the proceedings, Madame asked with a returning vivaciousness of expression, "And where were you during the trial? I did not see you."

The Awful Moment.

"I was far behind," was the reply. "I could not understand what was being said and I sometimes dozed."

"Callous creature!" ejaculated Madame with a smile that showed the traces of the ordeal of the past six days.

"I did not know what the jury said," went on Madame as she spoke of the closing scene, "but I realised fully, when I was told to stand up, that the awful moment had at last arrived. Then I heard something said by the official who stood in front of the judge, and I was almost overcome with my feelings when the answer caused that thrilling outburst of cheers."

"It told me conclusively that I was free before I was formally told that I could go."

"I thought the English judge was wonderful as he sat, solemn and grave, making me think of a machine that would as impartially sentence as acquit. But above everything else I felt that his presence was an assurance that I should receive real justice."

As I rose to go, Madame said in her charming musical voice, "Au revoir, Monsieur."

Then, almost as a soliloquy, coming straight from the sense of gratitude for freedom, she said, looking with her mind's eye back upon that far away but recent scene: "How I wish I could thank all those English people for that wonderful cheering; I know it came from their hearts."



A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED PHOTOGRAPH OF MME. FAHMY.

CLOSE OF THE TRIAL

(By Our Special Correspondent.)

"Not Guilty!" As the words fell from the lips of the foreman of the jury they were greeted with a gasp of relief and satisfaction by people in every part of the packed court. This was followed by an outburst of cheering, which was abruptly suppressed by the stern order of the judge to "clear the court."

After considering their verdict in private for over an hour, the jury took their seats and a hush came over the court, the silence being broken after what seemed like an eternity, by the calling over of their names.

Then was asked the first of the all-important questions. "Members of the jury," asked the Clerk of Arraigns, "are you agreed upon your verdict?" Do you find the prisoner, Marie Marguerite Fahmy, guilty of the murder of Ali Kamel Fahmy Bey?"

"Not guilty," replied the foreman, in a firm voice.

It was impossible to suppress the wild cheering from the public parts of the court. The judge's order that it should be cleared was quickly obeyed by the police.

"Do you find the prisoner guilty or not guilty of the manslaughter of Ali Kamel Fahmy Bey?" asked the Clerk. Again came the reply, "Not guilty," from the foreman.

In answer to the final inquiry as to whether the verdict was unanimous, the foreman of the jury replied, "Yes."

Turning to the interpreter, the Judge gave instructions that Mme. Fahmy

(Continued in Page Two.)

SHIP FROZEN IN.

Relief Expedition to be Sent Immediately.

Christiania, Saturday. There is now a great risk that the Tromsø Geophysical Institute's ship Conrad Holmboe, frozen in on the West Coast of Greenland, will be crushed by the accumulating masses of ice. A relief expedition will leave almost immediately.

The Cambridge expedition has returned safely to Aberdeen. For a time they were also frozen in, but managed to break through.—Reuter.

DR. JOHNSON'S BIRTHDAY.

Admirers from all over the country visited the shrine of Dr. Samuel Johnson at Lichfield yesterday in honour of the 214th anniversary of the birth of the great lexicographer. A wreath was laid by the Mayor on Johnson's statue in the Market Square, and the Cathedral choir sang from the steps of the Doctor's birthplace.

A FORWARD STEP.

Speaking at the annual gathering of the London Federation of the Junior Imperial and Constitutional League yesterday, at Dulwich, the Earl of Midleton said that the settlement of the American debt question by the present Government had been a great step in the direction of bringing together the two great solvent countries of the world.

MME. CLARA BUTT'S "ARIA" PLANE.

LAST MINUTE RUSH FOR FORGOTTEN MUSIC.

A note of surprise was expressed by Dame Clara Butt yesterday as she was leaving Waterloo to catch the White Star liner Pittsburgh for Halifax on a three months' tour to Canada and the United States with her husband, Mr. Kennerley Rumbold.

In the rush of leaving Compton Lodge, South Hampstead, she discovered a few seconds before the special train left that her portmanteau containing all the music for her use during the tour had been left behind.

A message was sent to South Hampstead immediately, and thence a messenger was sent by motor to Croydon Aerodrome with the missing case. He then flew with it by aeroplane to Southampton and arrived just before the Pittsburgh sailed.



"What's the use of putting back the clock one miserable hour?" "Put it back 10 years and wait and see what happens." Mr. A.

SMALLPOX ALARM.

MORE CASES IN LONDON AND THE PROVINCES.

Another case of small-pox notified from Hackney brings the total for the metropolis up to nine.

Two other cases in London are under observation.

Sixty cases have been reported from East Kirby, Notts, up to date. Most of the victims have never been vaccinated.

One case is also reported from Oxford.

THREE DEAD IN EXPLOSION.

Charlestown, Saturday. Three persons were killed and four injured in a great explosion that occurred at the Leisiss works, near Guevy, where old gas shells were in process of being refilled.—Reuter.



The deep depression centred near Stormoway will move slowly north-eastward, and winds will be from a point between west and north. Some local showers are probable, but sunny periods will predominate in most districts.

W. England } Wind S.W. to W. occasional showers with local thunderstorms, but bright intervals. cool, visibility good, apart from morning mist.
E. England }
E. Midlands }
W. Midlands } Wind between W. and S.W.; showers, with bright intervals; cool.
S.W. England }

Further Outlook: Unsettled.

JAPAN AGAIN SWEEPED BY TYPHOON.

ORDEAL OF HOMELESS. RELIEF SHIPS HAVE TO RUN FOR SHELTER.

A typhoon broke over the mainland yesterday, says Reuter from Osaka, Japan.

Ships conveying relief materials took refuge near the coast. The town of Tottori is reported to be inundated.

The Exchange says that the deluge of rain caused intense suffering to the homeless refugees of the earthquake.

All efforts were centred on reconstruction and rehabilitation, which continued uninterrupted during the typhoon.

Earthquake shocks were experienced at Villafranca, on the south side of St. Michael Island and on the north of Caldeiras, says a Reuter message received yesterday from Ponta Delgada, Azores.

The London Mansion House Fund for the relief of the earthquake sufferers in Japan now amounts to £155,000.

It was reported yesterday that the total Tokyo death-roll was 77,823, and the people missing number 120,670. Over a million refugees have already left Tokyo for the country.

WRECKED DESTROYERS.

FULL PUBLICITY FOR U.S. NAVAL DISASTER.

Washington, Saturday.

Mr. Denby, the secretary for the Navy, has ordered an investigation of the wrecking of the seven U.S. destroyers on Point Arguello.

The public is aroused by rumour and gossip concerning the disaster. Mr. Denby has insisted on the fullest publicity, and has directed the Naval Board to hold its sessions publicly. His order overrules the naval officers.—Exchange.

KILLED BY K.C.'S CAR.

SIR H. CURTIS-BENNETT'S DISTRESS AT WOMAN'S DEATH.

When Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, K.C., was motoring to his residence at Boreham, near Chelmsford, from London after the Fahmy trial yesterday afternoon, he had the misfortune to be involved in a road accident, which resulted in a woman's death.

It appeared that about three miles on the London side of Chelmsford, a motor omnibus from Chelmsford to Brentwood, stopped to enable a passenger—Mrs. Prentice, wife of a bailiff of the estate of Mrs. Hanbury, of Hylands Park—to alight.

Mrs. Prentice, it is stated, stepped from behind the omnibus and was run into by Sir Henry's car, which was travelling slowly. She was knocked down, and was conveyed on an ambulance to Chelmsford Hospital, where, on arrival, she was found to be dead.

The eminent counsel was very distressed at the occurrence, which is stated to have been purely accidental.

ARMY CONTROL SPAIN.

LOYAL ULTIMATUM TO THE KING.

CABINET RESIGNS.

ANTI-WAR REVOLT.

General Primo de Rivera, the new military dictator of Spain, arrived in Madrid by aeroplane yesterday to form the Directory which is to replace the Government overthrown at one stroke by the military revolution.

Almost immediately upon his arrival he had half an hour's telephonic conversation with King Alfonso, and subsequently issued a statement to the effect that the King had asked him to arrange for the constitution of a Directory to carry on the Government of the country temporarily.

This Directory will consist of nine generals outside the present movement who will act in a provisory capacity.

General de Rivera added that the King informed him that a state of siege had been proclaimed, and that it was not yet known if the military rising would prove entirely successful.

PARLIAMENT SUPPRESSED.

The new dictator subsequently called a conference of military chiefs in Madrid, and obtained a list of names to be submitted to the King during the evening. When the Royal approval has been obtained the directory will be installed at the War Ministry.

The first declaration of revolt came from Barcelona, a notorious storm centre, where General Primo de Rivera issued a manifesto against the maladministration of the Government, but professing loyalty to the throne.

Following this pronouncement, which, in spite of the loyalty of its tone, had the force of an ultimatum,

YOUR CLOCK.

Did you remember to put your clocks back an hour last night? "Winter-time" begins to-day.

King Alfonso, who had hurried to Madrid from San Sebastian, where he was on holiday, held a conference with the existing Liberal Cabinet under the Marquis de Alhucemas.

After a short but animated discussion, and a demand, refused by the King, for the immediate dismissal of the revolving generals, the whole Ministry resigned.

The King immediately telephoned to Barcelona to General Primo de Rivera inviting him to the capital.

It is stated by the Madrid newspaper "A.B.C." that Parliament is to be dissolved and that no fresh elections will be held while present conditions prevail.

So far calm prevails everywhere, though the Socialist Party has published an energetic protest against the cancellation of civil power, while a general strike has been proclaimed at Bilbao.

Martial law has been proclaimed throughout Spain, while a strict censorship of news has been established.



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JOHN CAMPBELL & SONS LTD., WARRINGTON.

FIVE SMASHED TO DEATH IN LIGHTNING NOSE DIVE.

TWILIGHT DISASTER TO AIR LINER ON WAY FROM LONDON.

When a Daimler airplane carrying three passengers and two pilots rose into the still evening air at Croydon, little did the cheerful occupants imagine that less than an hour later they would all be victims of one of the worst disasters in the history of British civil flying.

The machine, which was flying over the London-Manchester airway, apparently escaped engine trouble when over Ivinghoe Beacon, Bucks, in a rainstorm. Fifty feet from earth the aeroplane nose-dived, and everyone on board was killed.

The names of the dead are:

G. E. Pratt (pilot), Daimler Airway Co.

L. G. Robinson (pilot), Aerodrome Hotel, Waddon, Croydon.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Grimshaw, 50, Longridge-rd., Earls Court.

Mr. A. H. Turner, Allendale, Lonsdale-rd., West Didsbury, Manchester.

A scene of desolation was accentuated by the still stabs of light from oil lamps which shone on the wreckage in the corner of a large field at Ford End Farm.

A shapeless mass of metal and canvas, with portions of the motor strewn across the field, but strangely enough with the wicker seats of the cabin intact, was the picture that presented itself to the eyes of those who rushed to the place.

The machine had seating capacity for 11, and when it left Croydon, with Mr. Pratt acting as pilot and Mr. Robinson as his assistant, it was reported to be in perfect condition.

It had been in commission for several months and had made various Continental journeys.

CRASHED ON TURNING.

Just before it reached Ivinghoe the loud purr of the engine caused casual onlookers to watch its progress. It was flying not far above the tree-tops, and this was probably due to the fact that the aeroplane had run into a severe rainstorm caused by low-lying clouds.

The pilot, according to witnesses, then seemed to come to a decision to land. He turned half left, circled round, and made for a farm known as Great Gap. As the machine approached this spot it had to turn to the left to avoid a low line of elm trees.

While making this turn, said an eye-witness, "the machine nose-dived to the ground, striking it with a terrific crash."

The machine could not be more than 50 feet from the ground, and the extent of the damage both to life and the machine is a mystery to those who saw the accident.

The aeroplane was completely smashed, and the passengers were all mixed up in the wreckage.

There was no fire, and two of the passengers' chairs remained intact amid the wreckage.

Other accounts of the disaster given by eye-witnesses seem to indicate that some time previous to the nose-dive the engine was not running, but that it started again at the moment of the nose-dive. Like a flash the machine struck the earth, buried its nose into the ground, and two seconds later crumpled up like a house of cards.

Immediately people from surrounding neighbourhoods raced to the scene, and there saw the bodies being taken



Mr. G. E. PRATT (left) and Capt. L. G. ROBINSON, M.C., the two pilots who were killed in the air crash in Bucks.

out of the wreckage. If it had not been for their clothes the limbs of the victims would have fallen apart.

One of the pilots when removed still had his wireless outfit on his head.

Mr. Pratt had only been in the service of the company for about a month, but Mr. Robinson was a pilot of long standing, having served meritoriously during the war, and having flown Daimler machines ever since the company was formed over 12 months ago.

He had the M.C., and was a wing commander in the R.A.F. during the war.

Mr. Turner, one of the passengers, was well known in the cotton trade of Manchester, and Mrs. Turner went to the aerodrome to meet him, and when the machine did not arrive, went away without any idea that a calamity had occurred.

Mr. Grimshaw, about 35, was a native of Bolton, but had stayed for three years at a boarding house in London.

The G.P.O. state that there were no mails on the aeroplane.

The inquest has been fixed for tomorrow afternoon at the Town Hall, Ivinghoe, to which the bodies have been removed.

The London-Manchester service is temporarily discontinued.

MOTORIST SENT TO GAOL.

Lorry Driver Incapacitated Drunk on His Seat.

At Colchester, yesterday, for being drunk in charge of a motor lorry, David Gardner (43), of Leytonstone, was sentenced to a month in the second division.

Accused had drawn up on the wrong side of the road on a strip of grass, and when ordered off his seat was found to be incapable. He was also fined £1 for having no licence.

LONDON BREVITIES.

The first Empire Bistrot will open at the Crystal Palace to-morrow.

Destroyed destroyers are reburied at sea this evening at the monument Cinema Cinema.

To-day is Blackberry Sunday, and the L.C.C. has issued a special leaflet showing the best places at which this wayward harvest may be gathered.

The death is announced of Dr. John Chas. Jackson, for over 30 years Medical Officer of Health for Fulham, who underwent an operation a few days ago.

A well-dressed woman, aged about 45, who was found drowned in the Regent's Canal, Maids Vale, W., has not yet been identified.

The Prime Minister and Mrs. Stanley Baldwin will attend a reception at the Constitutional Club, Northumberland Avenue, on Nov. 12.

On Tuesday, at 7.30 p.m., Mr. L. S. Pilkington will deliver a lecture on "An Industrial Programme of To-day" before the members of the 1912 Club, at 36, Brompton-rd., E.C.

Mr. A. Buchanan, J.P., ("Workers' Searchlight"), will address the Mile End Brotherhood at "The Lyceum," Mile End-rd., next Thursday, at 8.15 p.m., on "Equality."

Lord Burnham will preside at a luncheon at the Hotel Victoria on Sept. 26 to wish God speed to the expedition visiting Central Africa to film the life and work of David Livingstone.

Canterbury Borough Council is to be recommended by the Works Committee to oppose the L.C.C. scheme for the construction of a tramway from West Norwood to the Crystal Palace.

A memorial to the members of the Bankers' Battalion who fell in the war was unveiled yesterday at the Church of St. Edmund the King and Martyr, Lombard-st., by the Rev. G. Studdert Kennedy, "The Word of Life."

The London Private Fire Brigades' Association's competition for the Dewar Challenge Shield was held yesterday at Chiswell-st., E.C. The winners were the London Joint City and Midland Bank (Head Office).

The syllabuses of the London Evening Schools for the coming season are now available. Included in the L.C.C. programme are such subjects as housewifery, art, psychology, commerce, fashion drawing, heraldry and craftmanship.

Haydn's "Creation" will be given with full orchestra at St. Clement Danes Church, Strand, on Sunday next at 8.30 p.m. Organ recitals by blind musicians will be given at 1.15 p.m. on Wednesdays during September and October.

Woman Burned to Death. Eliza Benge (65), died in hospital yesterday from burns sustained through her dress catching fire from a candle at her home in Adeney-st., Hammersmith, W. Her daughter, Lily Florence Benge (25), was badly burned in beating out the flames.

CARRIED BY LONDON BUSSES, MOTOR CARS, TAXIS, AND TRAMWAYS. CARRIED BY LONDON BUSSES, MOTOR CARS, TAXIS, AND TRAMWAYS.

BOY HERO OF ST. OSYTH.

WORTHY OF PUBLIC RECOGNITION.

No recognition has been made to Honory Wright, a boy living at St. Osyth, about five miles from Clacton-on-Sea, who, within eight days, has saved four people from drowning.

Two visitors from Brightlingsea were changing seats in a boat when rowing up the creek to St. Osyth, when they fell into the water. Honory plunged in and rescued one woman, weighing about 14 stones, and then went to the aid of the other.

A few days later Mrs. Burns was teaching her daughter to row in the creek when her three-year-old child fell in. Mrs. Burns jumped in the water, but could not swim a stroke.

Honory, hearing cries, dived in fully clothed, and though seized with cramp, pushed the child in the boat, and then paddled to Mrs. Burns, whose fingers he hooked to the gunwale of the boat and rowed them safely to shore.

It is suggested that immediate steps should be taken to publicly recognise this brave boy's gallant actions.

HOWLING HUMOUR.

UNCONSCIOUS SALLIES OF SCHOLBOY WIT.

A fresh crop of "howlers"—those hardy perennials of our examination system—was exhibited at Kilburn yesterday by Mr. A. J. Bird, secretary of the Willemsen Polytechnic, who culled his specimens from answers given in recent examinations.

Here are a few of the choicest examples—

An Edmonton boy, in a descriptive essay, thus touched on points of particular municipal interest—

"Our finest building is the work-house, of which the people are justly proud."

"One of the most interesting things in Isleworth is the fire engine, especially when it starts."

"Hansell is noted for its lunatic asylum, which is very necessary for the people living there."

Various accounts were given of the purposes of school-life. Thus one girl wrote—

"I am sent to school to learn the arts of a wife."

While a boy, obviously a candid soul, remarked—

"I go to school because mother says I am always in the way at home."

Two entirely novel views of earthquakes deserve mention.

"When an earthquake occurs, dogs have an attack of spasmodics."

"Earthquakes are blessings in disguise, because they give the unemployed something to do."

TRADE UNION 'VARSITY' CLASSES.

Chancellor on the Premises of a Great Experiment.

Presenting prizes to students attending trade union classes at Birmingham University yesterday, the Chancellor of the Exchequer said the movement was an experiment, but it contained the germ of something that would be of the greatest value to the University and the country at large.

"At present," he added, "owing to financial stress, trade unions cannot give the support they would like to, but the University will hold on in the hope that when times improved more substantial help would be forthcoming."

GIRL AND RING.

"There seems to be a sort of a mystery about her," said Dr. Brimley at West London court yesterday with reference to Mary Smith (28), who gave no address or occupation when she pleaded guilty to stealing two diamond and opal rings, value £10, belonging to Wm. Shergrove, a jeweller, of King-st., Hammersmith.

The girl, who was remanded, was stated to have asked to see some rings and, putting two on her finger, walked out of the shop.

THIS MORNING'S LATEST LINES.

A "Tilbury Flitch" on the lines of the Dunmow one has been won by Mr. and Mrs. Noakes, of Tilbury.

The 1st Battalion Scottish Borders arrived at Great Ouse, Bedford, Commander-in-Chief of the Mediterranean station, is expected to reach Malta on Thursday from Constantinople on the flagship Iron Duke, says Reuter.

Three Shops Gutted.—Three shops occupied by a cycle dealer, a butcher and a confectioner were destroyed by fire yesterday at 11th-st., Chatham.

Died After Eating Sardines.—An inquest yesterday at Skegness on Percy Harencough, who died after eating tinned sardines, was adjourned for an analysis of the contents of the stomach.

Sunday Games.—While Working Council has declared against Sunday games on recreation grounds, the Walton-on-Thames Council has decided to permit tennis and bowls from 2 p.m. to dusk.

2d. Cosh 2s. 6d.—Finding a prayer-book and a book of hymns, while cycling, a labourer sold it for 2d. He was fined 2s. 6d. or seven days by the Haverhill magistrates.

Threats!—When a maintenance order for 50s. weekly was made against Cyril George Warner, a Grimby book-maker, the wife, Joan Warner, said she had needed three sets of false teeth in six months through her husband hitting her in the mouth and breaking sets.

Open Your Windows.—Red flags flying from the coastguard stations from Monday to Saturday this week will be the signal for people living round the Thames Estuary to open their windows.

A battleship of the King George V. type will carry out heavy gun practice.

Trapped Fox's Big Jump.—A young fox caught in a trap at Rothwell Farm, Euxton, near Preston, drew the stake which fastened the trap in the ground and with the obstacle still attached to its legs, jumped a fence, 6ft. high, and had reached a woody three-quarters of a mile away when the farmer saw and shot it.

Curing Vocal "Corns."—Among the exhibits at the annual exhibition of the Royal Photographic Society, which opened to the public at St. James's Palace, yesterday, are specimens of autoscopic photographs of the human voice from Dame Melba, one showing the Melba "cure" for the cure of "corns" on the vocal chords.

Captain's Widow on Peeper.—Mrs. Annie Penrose Bernard (72), widow of Capt. W. H. Bernard and cousin of Lady Longmore and the late Admiral King Hall, has been admitted to the Asylum for the Insane, at Aspley Grove, Bedfordshire, and the Guardians have decided to communicate with her relatives.

NEVER-STOP TRAIN WONDERS.

NO WAITING CROWDS. CONGESTION PROBLEM SOLVED BY ITS AID.

(From Our Own Correspondent.) Southend, Saturday.

"Within ten years the Tubes in Central London will be revolutionised by the installation of the Never-Stop system of transport."

This remarkable prophecy was made by a celebrated engineer to a representative of "The People" to-day.

"The new system," he said, "dispenses with all brakes, signals, drivers, conductors, huge car depots, noise and jerks, as well as the element of danger."

"Thus, by its inauguration, the problem of congestion in crowded areas will be successfully solved."

An idea of the capacity of the new system, which is being tried at the Kursaal, Southend, is the fact that on a track only 300 yards long it will carry 18,000 passengers an hour.

A compartment of the train is always in the station slowing down to three miles an hour to permit of passengers boarding and alighting, and yet when only a few yards from the station the speed increases to over 24 miles an hour.

Capt. H. Riall Sankey, addressing a large gathering near the track, said the cost per seat per mile would be one-fifth less than that of electric trains or trams. He expressed the view that the system would find a wide field of application for short railways up to five miles in congested areas.

The system is worked by means of a spiral-threaded shaft laid between the rails, and is the invention of Mr. William Yorath Lewis and Mr. Arthur Octavius Edwards.

"Extra time for dreaming—dreaming of the League of Nations and a Millennium all round!"

"Put the clock forward, I say, and keep on putting it forward!"

Lord R. C.

"MOTHER OF BLIGHTY."

WOMAN'S ADVENTURES AMONG CANNIBALS.

Miss Lily Butler, who was known to the troops during the war as the "Mother of Blighty," arrived at Plymouth yesterday after spending four years in Australia.

Describing her adventures, she said that she was at a cable station in the interior when a tribe of Aborigines, who were cannibals, approached.

"My anxiety," she added, "to figure on the menu was real." "I was given the only bed in the shack; but I howled all night when outside I could see the natives who two years before had eaten the operators at that very station!"

Miss Butler admitted, smilingly, that the natives called her "Aricucha"—fat laughing white old woman.

DIED EXTRACTING TEETH.

While extracting teeth from a young woman Mr. Vincent Cartwright Mullen (70), a dentist, of Edgware-rd., W., suddenly collapsed. The patient rushed shrieking from the room, and when assistance was obtained it was found that the dentist was dead.

Mr. Mullen had suffered from heart trouble, and had been warned by the doctor that the exertion entailed by performing extractions was dangerous.

THE JUDGE ADVOCATE: Can you suggest

COLONEL'S ADVENTURE AND FIGHT IN LONELY LANE.

"LIFT" FOR TWO LANCE-CORPORALS AND COURT-MARTIAL SEQUEL.

A story of a desperate fight between an Army officer with a distinguished war record and two lance-corporals in a lonely lane at night, after he had given them a "lift" in his motor-car, was told at a general court-martial at Strensall Camp, near York.

Major and Brevet Lt.-Col. W. B. Greenwell, D.S.O., of the 1st Battalion Durham Light Infantry, was honourably acquitted of a grave offence levelled against him following his adventure.

Colonel Greenwell, who was born in Durham in 1881, joined the 4th Durham Light Infantry in 1900, and a year later joined the 1st Battalion in South Africa. In 1916 he went to France, and commanded the 19th Battalion until July, 1918, when he went to the command of the 106th Brigade.

Later, he went as second-in-command of the 1st Battalion, and altogether has 23 years' service to his credit.

The two lance-corporals concerned were named Cocker and Mingham.

Telling the story of his adventure Colonel Greenwell said on Aug. 6 last he played cricket, and in the evening he dined at the mess of the Officers' Training Corps at Strensall Camp. He changed into a tweed suit and left the camp in his car for York about 10.15.

About two miles from the camp he met the two lance-corporals going towards Strensall. One of them asked him for a "lift," and he replied, "I am going to York. Do you want a lift?" They replied in the affirmative, opened the door and got in. Cocker sat next to him and Mingham on the outside.

Having lost the button of his electric horn, the Colonel endeavoured to get hold of his bull-horn. "I felt down with my left hand towards the floor to see if I could find it," he said, "I could not do so, and then felt to see if it was under the seat."

"THE GAME'S UP."

When they got into Huntington Lane, Corporal Cocker suddenly said, "Stop the car. The game's up."

He pulled up just short of the dance hall, and Mingham got out and returned with three other soldiers.

While Mingham was away, Cocker asked him if he would take them to the camp, and he agreed to do so. No allegations had then been made against him. He then turned down Towthorpe-lane, because he was anxious to get rid of the men.

"They had had more than was good for them," said Colonel Greenwell, "though they were not drunk enough to be put into the guard-room, but they had shown that they might be impatient."

As soon as I turned down the lane, Cocker seized the wheel with his hand, and I was turned over to the right-hand side of the road. I tried to get his hand off the wheel. I pulled up the car.

"Cocker then stood up with his back to the screen in a threatening attitude, and before I knew what had happened, I got a blow on my left ear."

Mingham hit him in the eye with his fist and cut his face, so that it also bled. As there was a prospect of a fight, he pushed Cocker out of the car.

"I followed him out in order to defend myself. Cocker then came for me and I warned off his blow. I seized him and threw him into the hedge. The next thing was that I got a violent kick from behind by Mingham."

He went in the direction of the camp, and as he approached the gateway Corporal Cocker said to him: "You are in for it, and when they get near the guard-room he said, 'This man has been giving us a lift in his car and has been playing about with me.'"

That was the first time any allegation had been made against him. He denied it, and asked for the guard commander.

Colonel Greenwell added that when he got to his quarters, he was saturated with blood. He went straight to his commanding-officer at York the next day, and told him of the occurrence. He had never acted indecently towards any man.

Major Meyler (prosecuting): Was any attempt made to extract money from you by the men?—No, nor did I offer them any.

The Judge Advocate: Can you suggest



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IT WILL GIVE YOU NEW strength and greater staying power; relief from pain; fortify you against illness, weakness, and give you a new lease of life. It cures Nerve Troubles, Neuritis, Depression, Heart Weakness, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, Spinal Stiffness, Constipation, Sleeplessness, Weak Back, General Debility, etc.

From the moment that you put it on it will continue to pour a gentle current of vitalizing power throughout your whole body, giving you such strength and vigor as you have never known before.

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Send for NOW, test it, wear it. Thousands have testified by wearing my Belt. I should like to see you wear it. Write for the Belt, and I am so confident of its powers that I will send it to you on the 7 day's trial period.

A FREE BELT AND A CHANCE TO READERS OF "THE PEOPLE."

To receive a chance to win a Belt, send me your name and address, and I will send you a Belt. I have decided during the month of September to give away 100 Belts to 100 readers of "The People." The 100th letter I receive in response to this advertisement will win a Belt. Every letter sent to me has a chance to win a Belt. Write now.

Write full name and address on a piece of paper, put out and attach this coupon, give name of reader, and send it to me. I will send you a Belt. I will send you a Belt. I will send you a Belt.

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Free pattern

SMART SKIRT

GIVEN INSIDE THIS WEEK'S

WOMAN'S LIFE

ON SALE MONDAY, SEPT. 17th. THEREAFTER.

If you are unable to obtain a copy, send 6d. to **Grange**, 12, Abchurch Lane, E.C. 4, London, E.C. 4.

GRAVES

NEW SEEN FOLDING PRAM

Fitted with shock-absorbing rubber springs. Fitted with Patent Rubber Tyres. Strongest and most reliable. Fully equipped with modern accessories. Price 5/-

Delivered anywhere and delivered within 24 hours. Delivery of 10 or more prams at a special discount. See our advertisement in all newspapers.

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Skin Tortures

seen go when blood is cleansed with

Take it for Eczema, Scalds, Pimples, Sores & Eruptions

Clarke's Blood Mixture

1/- per bottle. Six times the quantity, 5/-.

RELIGION AS CURE FOR DYSPEPSIA.

PARSONS AS DOCTORS' USEFUL ALLIES.

Until people get rid of the idea that religion is a gloomy business from which all joy is excluded, so long will there be indigestion, liver troubles and nervous breakdowns.

This, in fact, is what the views of the Rev. E. Lees, M.A., come to when "boiled down." He is the recently appointed vicar of Brentwood, Essex.

He is an apostle of Joy, and he is amazed that so many people hold the view that the clergyman is a gloomy person whose presence is only considered apropos on the gravest and saddest occasions.

But he forgets that all clergy are not like the Rev. E. Lees, vicar of Brentwood.

Only when a person is sick—sick unto death—is a parson sent for as a rule. Nevertheless the presence of a clergyman ought at all times, even in a sick room, to be invigorating and cheering. "The joyful presence of a representative of Christ," he says, "ought to be one of the doctors' most helpful allies."

Yet what is the usual experience? "Shall we send for the clergyman?" asks a friend of some sick person.

"Oh, is it as bad as that?" answers another. And in the end the clergyman is sent for only when things are hopeless.

Christ, he says, would never have been invited to a wedding if he had been gloomy or a "wet blanket."

The Christian religion, he declares, ought to be an invigorating tonic instead of an enervating and depressing nostrum.

MARRIED LIFE.

—New Style.

THE WIFE'S CONTRIBUTION TO THE HOME.

A young wife at Willesden asked the magistrate: "What can I do about my husband?" He grumbled because he says I'm not keeping him in the way I promised when he married me."

The Magistrate: Have you been in the habit of keeping him?

Wife: Yes, I agreed to remain on at my work as a dyer and cleaner, but I don't earn enough for his liking.

The Magistrate: This is a doctrine which will, I fear, become increasingly popular among a certain class of husbands. You had better have a summons against your husband for failing to maintain you.

BERTA RUCK, author of "The People's" Brilliant New Serial, "Lucky in Love."



BERTA RUCK, the writer of the striking new serial story begun to-day in "The People," is one of the most popular woman novelists of the day. Her literary reputation and popularity are increasing every year, and "Lucky in Love," "The People's" new serial, is recognised as the most fascinating work which has yet come from her pen.

Miss Berta Ruck made her first appearance as an author in book form in 1914 with her story "His Official Fiancee." Every year since then she has written a large number of stories which have appeared in the most widely circulated papers. Their appeal is particularly to women readers.

Berta Ruck is very fond of outdoor sport. She was brought up in the country, in Wales, and is fond of swimming and mountaineering, and

this love of outdoor life is reflected in the healthy atmosphere found in her books.

She began first as an artist, having studied in the Lambeth and Slade Schools of Art, and in Paris. It was while in Paris that she first turned to writing and contributed a story to the "Idler," the bright monthly magazine founded by Jerome K. Jerome, and in which some of the most brilliant and successful writers of the day made their start.

Her first story was illustrated by herself, but literary interests have since then displaced her ambition as an artist.

Berta Ruck is married to another well-known novelist, Mr. Oliver Onions. She is the mother of two boys. Mr. Oliver Onions is a leading novelist who makes a wide appeal to intellectuals, and he and his wife form a very happy literary partnership.

DIVORCE REPORTS IN SCHOOL.

CHILDREN FRIGHTENED BY GHOST STORIES.

Parents of children attending a Cornish rural school are up in arms because, they allege, divorce court reports are read to the children in school hours.

Ghost stories are also told, and the result is that the children are afraid to come home along after school.

When the matter was brought before the Education Committee, who control the school, several members said that this sort of thing ought to be stopped.

The chairman said the head mistress had been lacking in tact and had exceeded her duties. She would be retiring shortly on a pension.

THE GRAFONOLA.

MUSICIANS PLEASED WITH LATEST INVENTION.

A revolution in the gramophone industry has been achieved by Mr. William Forde. He has invented a gramophone which is declared to be better than anything on the market to-day.

The new machine brings out the full volume of the music and the voice without smothering the lesser harmonies.

When trying old records on the new instruments much fine musical detail previously hidden has been made audible.

The new gramophone will soon be placed on the market by Columbia Gramophone, Ltd. Many leading musicians have expressed delight at its fidelity of tone.

Sir Henry Wood is especially enthusiastic about it, and Dame Clara Butt says that she heard herself for the first time in her own records played on it. The "Columbia Grafonola" is undoubtedly the greatest advance since the original gramophone with which Edison surprised the world. That was a talking toy which said "Mary had a little lamb."

OBEDIENT PENNIES.

About a thousand "wireless" collecting boxes have been put into service by the London Hospital as a means of increasing their revenue.

An ordinary-looking box is provided with a metal flap. On this you place a coin, which remains there until you clap your hands, say the word "Go," or do anything else to set up sound vibrations. Then your coin is shot into a slot in the top of the box.

DOG AS POULTRY "KEEPER."

Having trained a sheep dog to round up her poultry, an Eaglescliffe farmer's wife points out the birds she wants to kill and leaves the catching to the dog.

CUT THIS OUT.

Famous Specialist's Recipe for Catarrhal Deafness and Head Noises.

If you know someone who is troubled with head noises or catarrhal deafness, cut out this formula and hand it to them and you will have been the means of saving some poor sufferer, perhaps, from total deafness. Recent experiments have proved conclusively that Catarrh is a constitutional disease, and that the majority of cases of deafness and head noises were the result of this disease. This explains why ointments, sprays, and inhalers merely temporise with the complaint, and seldom, if ever, effect a permanent cure. Since this fact was fully established much time and money have been spent by a noted specialist in perfecting a pure, gentle, yet effective tonic which would quickly dispel all traces of the catarrhal poison from the system. The effective prescription which was eventually formulated, and which has aroused the belief that deafness was soon to be extinct, is given below in understandable form, so that anyone can treat themselves in their own home at little expense.

From your chemist get one ounce of **Parment's Tonic** (Strength). Take this tonic and add to it 1 pint of hot water and 4 ounces of sugar or two dessertspoonsful of golden syrup or honey, stir until dissolved. Take one dessertspoonful four times a day. A decided improvement is sometimes noted after the first day's treatment. Breathing becomes easy, while the distressing head noises, headaches, dizziness, cloudy thinking, etc., gradually disappear under the tonic action of the treatment. Loss of smell, taste, defective hearing, clogged nostrils, and mucus dripping in the back of the throat are other symptoms which suggest the presence of catarrh, and which are often overcome by this effective treatment. Nearly 90 per cent. of all ear troubles are now known to be directly caused by catarrh, therefore there must be many people whose hearing can be restored by this splendid home treatment.

FARMS FOR SALE.

British Tenant Farmers be your own Landlords. Apply for particulars of improved Farms for Sale under our modified, extended payment scheme. Interviews arranged anywhere in the British Isles free of charge. Conducted Parties are being organized to enable intending settlers to view land and property adjoining the railway in the Spring of 1924.

COLONIZATION AGENT.

CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS, 17-19, COCKSPUR ST., LONDON, S.W.1, OR LOCAL AGENTS.

ASSISTED PASSAGES ADVANCED TO HOUSEHOLD WORKERS.

Apply Women's Department at above address.

LINO NOW

Every house should know it is still possible to obtain **Caterpillar Cork Lino**—a real floor covering—at exceptionally moderate cash terms or by easy small payments. It is your interest to write for patterns and prices at once.

K.Y. CATERPILLAR LINO, LONDON, W.1.

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Clubs Paid ... £18,000,000
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Chief Office: St. Andrew-street, London, E.C. 4.

All our Agents Transact National Health Insurance.

NEXT WEEK

The Success of the Season "MARY (In the Day of the Crinoline)."

NEXT WEEK.

CALLING

SONG FOX TROT.

Written and Composed by **AL EDWARDS & CLIFFORD RYDE.**

PIANO.

KEY C.

Some-times when the breeze gently sigh,
No-see, breath-ing per-fume sweet and rare,
Then I seem to
Pine with-out your

hear your last Good-bye;
ten-der, lov-ing care;
While the dusk is
No I want you

fall near
ing, me,
Dear, say
for you I'm call-ing, me.

Call-ing you back to the sun shine,
Call-ing you

back to my heart,
Call-ing you back from the

shad-ows,
Long have we two been a-part.

Call-ing you back to my gar-den,
Spark-ling like pearls in the

dear;
Call-ing you back where the ro-ses are wait-ing.

Wait-ing and long-ing for you.

The Autumn Hand.

Conducted by "MIMI."



A FRIEND sitting in my garden one day last week was lamenting what she called her "autumn hands."

"I am of opinion," she said, "that at no time of the year do our hands look so unsightly as at the beginning of the autumn. During the fine weather we have gone without gloves, basking in the sun and rejoicing in our sunburn which looks so charming with our summer frocks and which clashes so unpleasantly with our town garments. I can't bear the look of mine for weeks after I come home."

Certainly the thin brown streaked hands she stretched out for my inspection did leave a lot to be desired in the way of softness and whiteness.

The autumn hand is one that has to be reckoned with, especially by the business girl. In fact, woman, whatever her station in life, should make the keeping of her hands in good condition one of the principal tasks of her personal life.

There is not one who is too busy to be able to afford a few minutes to their care daily, nor one employed in a job so hard that that care would not result in improvement.

The sun-dried hand is greatly improved by the use of olive oil, and some women keep a small basin half full of it in their bedrooms, in which to soak the lacks of their hands every evening for ten minutes or so before retiring to bed.

This is rather an extravagant way of doing things, but olive oil being without any question of doubt one of the best "beautifiers" that has yet been discovered, its use is one that should not be disregarded lightly. A few drops well rubbed into the hands every evening have a wonderfully softening effect and are far preferable to any sticky preparation which necessitates the wearing of gloves.

Gloves, in themselves, are not injurious, but so many women neglect to have them large enough to allow proper circulation that the result is far worse than the evil they set out to remedy. If gloves are worn at night they must be at least two or three sizes larger than those worn during the day, and they must be slit at the base of the fingers.

Very red hands can be whitened and kept in that condition by the regular use of fine oatmeal mixed to a paste with lemon juice. This application, rubbed in after washing the hands for the last time in the evening, is a veritable wonder-worker.

Glycerine and rosewater, the general favourite, is only suitable to some skins. Except in the case of very obstinate fruit or chemical stains, peroxide should not be used on the hands; and when it is used care must be taken that it does not get under the nails.

Prior to gardening, the hands (if gloves are not going to be worn) should be rubbed over with an emollient or greasy substance and some of it inserted well beneath the nails. I am fond of sandalwood, but gloves, I find, impede my actions. I rub my hands thoroughly with white vaseline and wash them first of all in hot water, using a bland soap, then in quite cold water, and finish off by rubbing them well with fine oatmeal. In this way I find that I am able to indulge in my favourite pastime without letting the whole world into the secret of my spare-time occupation by the appearance of my hands.

Lemons should never be thrown away after the juice has been extracted. They are invaluable for rubbing on the hands after they have been washed. Lemon juice, too, used in conjunction with almond paste, is unsurpassed for speedily bringing the autumn hand into condition more in keeping with the demands of town.

This is a preparation that can be easily made at home and one that is equal to the most expensive of shop offerings. Shake together in a bottle an ounce and a half of almond oil and strained lemon juice, and half an ounce of spirit of wine. Mix it drop by drop into two ounces of ground bitter almonds. Boil for two or three minutes after all the liquid has been added, and press into a small pot. After washing the hands in warm water and drying them carefully, rub a small quantity of the almond paste well into the skin, not neglecting the fingers and the wrists.

Beyond keeping the cuticle well down, do not polish your finger nails too brightly until the hands have returned to their usual condition. A brown and roughened hand tipped with brilliantly shining nails is far more unsightly than one that bears the mark of exposure to the sun or the results of hard work.

THE HELPING HAND.

Steaming an Oil Painting.—A raw potato cut in half and rubbed gently over the surface of the painting will remove the dirt and oil from the surface of the painting, and it is not so soiled. As the dirt adheres to the cut surface of the vegetable, slice it off thinly and wipe off any moisture on the picture itself with a soft rag. Work the potato carefully in one direction and with even strokes.

Point on Clothing.—Spirits of turpentine applied vigorously to the stain with a soft rag will remove paint from woollen clothing.

Puffy on Chin.—Old puffy can be removed from chin by the application of a paste made by mixing together two ounces of fuller's earth and half an ounce each of soft soap and pearlash, to which a pinch of powdered lime has been added. Rub the puffy thickly and leave until the next day. Then wash off with hot soapy water.

Restoring Black Material.—Rusty black material can be restored to its original blue by sponging it with a solution obtained by boiling gently for nearly two hours a quart of a pound of bruised galls, the same quantity of alum and two ounces of green vitriol in two pints and a half of water. Strain the liquid through muslin and sponge lightly, stretching the material taut meanwhile. (By request.)

Wine Stains.—Wine stains can be removed from dinner napkins by soaking the stained portions in boiling milk. (By request.)

A New Way for Beefsteak.—Beefsteak is delicious cooked as follows:—Cut one pound of steak into three pieces of even size. For this dish it is preferable for the meat not to be too thick—half an inch deep is quite sufficient. Beat each piece with a rolling pin for a minute or so, dissolve a little butter in a frying pan, put in the pieces of steak and fry them for five minutes on each side. Sprinkle them with salt and pepper, and serve in a buttered dish which can be covered down. Put at the bottom a layer of well-minced onions, pour over the butter in which the meat was fried, cover and place in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes. Heat some thick well-seasoned brown gravy. Bring it just to the boil, remove the dish from the oven, pour gravy over the contents and serve at once.



No. 202.—One-piece maggot coat with a deep collar and sleeves trimmed with patterned material, specially designed for wearing with the two-material frock No. 203, the two forming a useful three-piece costume for wearing during the autumn or mild winter weather.

No. 203.—Charming frock fashioned in two materials, the long-waisted bodice is cut in square tail, the skirt is fronted with a band of fur and attached to the deep skirt. The skirt is cut into a V in front, trimmed with two bands of velvet ribbon fastened on the left side; vest ribbon fastened on the right side.

No. 204.—Smart cross-over winter coat arranged so that it can be worn open as a sketch or buttoned up to the neck to form a double stand-up collar. The fullness at the low waist line is arranged under three-quarter belt. The collar is trimmed with a band of fur and attached to the deep skirt. The skirt is cut into a V in front, trimmed with two bands of velvet ribbon fastened on the left side; vest ribbon fastened on the right side.

All patterns are now uniform in price—SIXPENCE EACH.

to permit the dress to slip on over the head without any other fastening. The skirt is cut into a V in front, trimmed with two bands of velvet ribbon fastened on the left side; vest ribbon fastened on the right side.

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No. 204.—Smart cross-over winter coat arranged so that it can be worn open as a sketch or buttoned up to the neck to form a double stand-up collar. The fullness at the low waist line is arranged under three-quarter belt. The collar is trimmed with a band of fur and attached to the deep skirt. The skirt is cut into a V in front, trimmed with two bands of velvet ribbon fastened on the left side; vest ribbon fastened on the right side.

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Stock Pot of Kitchen Lore

MANY correspondents last week requested recipes for utilizing elderberries. This I take as an indication that the crop of these luscious berries is plentiful and good.

Although the elder tree is native to England and flourishes freely, in later years it has fallen into disuse, except in the heart of the country. In mid-Europe the harvest which the tree yields—roots, stems, flowers and berries—taken full advantage of, and the elder itself regarded almost with veneration. Superstition also exists in England with regard to it. To dig up a flourishing specimen, however much it may be in the way of other plants, is considered extremely unlucky. Further luck resides in its branches I know not, but certainly all sorts of beneficial properties are to be found in its flowers and berries. Medically the elder is of great value. For the housewife concerned with making the greatest use of all materials to her hand it is equally precious.

Elderberry wine is a beverage that is easy to make, and, unlike the majority of wines, it can be consumed a few months after it has been made, although, of course, it improves greatly with keeping. Many of us have it in an excellent winter drink. There are several ways of preparing it. Among the best of them are, I think, the two following:—

ELDERBERRY WINE.—(1) Bruise a quantity of elderberries, using a wooden mallet. Leave for a short time until the juice has run through a sieve so as to extract as much juice as possible. Pour into a tub. Leave until the next day, pour off, taking care not to disturb any sediment that may have formed at the bottom of the tub, and strain through a large sieve. For every pint add one pint and a half of water, and for every gallon of the whole amount add three pounds of sugar. Bring to the boil. Stir in the well-beaten whites of four eggs and continue boiling for an hour. Strain into a tub. Spread a slice of bread with butter. Leave for five days, skim, pour into a cask. When fermented, skim, and bottle. It will be undisturbed for three months. If left for twelve months in bottle the result is an excellent "vintage," but it can be used within five months if necessary.

ELDERBERRY WINE.—(2) Strip the berries into a tub, cover with cold water and leave for

six days, pressing them frequently during this period. Squeeze out the juice and strain through a wire sieve into a large pan. Measure. For each gallon add three pounds of sugar, and for every four gallons eight ounces of whole ginger, two ounces of cloves and one ounce of nutmeg. Boil for an hour and a quarter. Strain into a tub. Spread a slice of toast with butter. Leave until the next day, pour off, taking care not to disturb any sediment that may have formed at the bottom of the tub, and strain through a large sieve. For every pint add one pint and a half of water, and for every gallon of the whole amount add three pounds of sugar. Bring to the boil. Stir in the well-beaten whites of four eggs and continue boiling for an hour. Strain into a tub. Spread a slice of bread with butter. Leave for five days, skim, pour into a cask. When fermented, skim, and bottle. It will be undisturbed for three months. If left for twelve months in bottle the result is an excellent "vintage," but it can be used within five months if necessary.

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PROTECT OUR OWN INDUSTRIES.

The action of the Bradford Chamber of Commerce in calling for Protection of home industries is symptomatic of the rising tide of feeling in the country, and the Government will do well to take serious notice of it. Bradford is the centre of our woollen industry, and the demand put forward is for the protection of both the raw material and the manufactured article.

Our woollen trade is in a parlous state, and it is going from bad to worse. Briefly put, foreigners who cannot afford to purchase our manufactured products are buying the raw wool from us, making it up, and aided by the currency exchanges, which are all in their favour, are underselling us in our own markets.

There is a moral cowardice about Free Traders that is anything but admirable. They go in fear of what the foreigner may do if England dares to look after her own interests. Let the foreigner do his worst, and let English statesmen look after England.

We are not now in post-Napoleonic days when we had a virtual monopoly of the world's trade. We are confronted on every side with vigorous competition, we have an unheard-of volume of unemployment, and the ghosts of Cobden and Bright will not help us.

Bradford has put its finger on our economic weak spot, and it is for the Government and the Conservative Party to come to the rescue. Every other nation has a tariff barrier against us; our overseas dominions are protected against outsiders. Only the Mother Country clings to the outworn theories of economic pedants.

Hitherto our urban populations have scouted the idea of Protection, fearing that agriculturists would demand it also. But why should they not? Why should our farmers labour to supply food under ruinous conditions? Better pay a little more for food and have our population fully employed than have them pauperised by the dole, and we should save the money in rates and taxes.

The Government must either get on or get out; the forces behind them are becoming too strong to allow of further paltering with this question.

THE GREAT ARMY OF UNEMPLOYED.

England's great army of unemployed is growing bigger every day, but Government plans for dealing with it seem to hang fire in a most discouraging way.

London's suburbs simply swarm with mendicants of one sort and another, and though a large proportion of them, no doubt, are impostors, very many are able-bodied men who would be only too glad of work if they could get it.

It is a melancholy reflection that there is good and profitable work needing to be done, and plenty of money to pay for it, if this could only be released. We fear that red tape is to a great extent responsible for the delay. Summer-time is ended, and winter is coming on.

space, and empty grates and empty cupboards will not make men more patient of official procrastination. When is the Government going to take up this matter in real earnest? Tranquillity is very well in its way, but it is out of place in official dovecotes while men and women are on the verge of starvation.

SCIENCE WINS.

The great fight between Jack Dempsey and Luis Angel Firpo at New York for the heavy-weight championship of the world will be memorable in the history of the ring for the triumph of science over mere brute strength. While boxing men believed that Dempsey would hold his title, there were not wanting others who had their doubts, for the "wild bull of the Pampas" was known to be very game and very ferocious.

He is credited with a punch that will knock out anything on two legs if he can get it fairly home, and he knocked Dempsey through the ropes and once to the boards in the first round. But Firpo had found the boards five times before that thrill came, and in less than a minute in the second round he was down and out.

For Dempsey, too, has a wonderful physique; he can take a blow that would finish any ordinary man, and allied to this is a knowledge of ring-craft that his opponent cannot lay any claim to. The ninety thousand spectators of this titanic bout got good value for their money in a very short time. It was a popular victory.

DREAMS THAT HAVE COME TRUE.

The Mental Borderland and Mystery.

"THERE are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy." But such things are not seen with the physical eye, they are more sensible to mental feeling than to sight.

The discovery of the body of Mr. Geo. Eric Gordon Tombe in a cesspool at Kenley, in consequence of his mother's dream, opens up once more the much-debated question of belief in dreams. It is a nice psychological question, but it has its physical side, for mind reacts on matter and matter on mind.

In this case the mother and father of Mr. Tombe were much worried about their son's strange disappearance, and the mother dreamed of the burial of their son in the place where his body has been found.

But I know of a remarkable instance of a dream, or series of dreams, coming true where there was no apparent physical cause, for the subject matter of the dreams had not been thought of. I personally vouch for the facts.

A Three-Fold Dream.

A woman living at Cirencester dreamed three nights in succession that her mother was dead. The third night was the one preceding Christmas Eve, and the family had been preparing for Christmas. But so impressed was the woman that she insisted on travelling to London, leaving her husband and family behind. One thing that puzzled her was that the house seen in her dream was not her old home.

She arrived in London on the Christmas Eve, and went straight to where she had lived as a girl. The door was opened by a stranger, and she was not surprised. It was explained to her that the previous occupants of the house had been gone some few years, but only two or three streets away. She said it could be shown the street she could pick out the house herself. A little boy was sent to show her the street, and she went straight to the door of the house she had seen in her dream.

The door was opened by the elder sister of the woman, who, on seeing the visitor, exclaimed: "Why, Annie, who are you in black for?" And the visitor replied: "For mother's sake, isn't she?" "No," was the answer, "but father is."

I must explain that so convinced had the woman been that her dream was true that she had dressed in deep mourning for her visit. When she entered the house it was the exact counterpart of what she had seen in her dream, but she was surprised to find it was her father and not her mother who had died.

And It Was So

Now, here is a curious incident—call it second sight or an extra sense, or what you will; but it is positively within my own knowledge. A son, one of a family of seven, had been absent three or four years. At ten one evening—this was at Reading—the youngest son, aged about nine, jumped up and ran to the door, exclaiming: "I feel just as if Charlie was coming." His parents laughed as he opened the door and ran out, but they did not laugh when a minute later he returned, led by his elder brother.

Many theories have been advanced to account for dreams, but they remain a mystery. Sir William Hamilton thought we dream always, but simply forget our dreams. This does not take us far. Coleridge did not forget his dream in which he composed "Kubla Khan." On awakening after three hours' sleep he wrote the fragment of fifty-four lines which we now possess, and might have completed three or four times as much but for a most unfortunate interruption.

Dr. Darwin gives the case of a gentleman who for 30 years had been deaf. He never dreamt of persons speaking to him except by the fingers or in writing, and never had the impression of hearing them speak.

TALK of the PEOPLE

By WIDEAWAKE.

Why this Silence?

A month ago the French and Belgian Governments addressed to us two very important Notes upon the subject of the Ruhr and Reparations. Our Government has as yet vouchsafed no reply. Is it because the rejoinder is to be final and crushing, or is it because we have really no plan to pursue? The people of this country do not appreciate a policy of bluff, especially in foreign affairs. We feel we have a right to know what the Government intends to do.

The Red Light.

I was talking the other day with Mr. Vansittart, a Counsellor at the Foreign Office, and he said most truly that the foreign policy of Great Britain was much more closely associated with domestic policy than ever it had been in the past. Excellent! Let us hope that Lord Curzon keeps his eye firmly fixed upon the figures of unemployment. It is upon the handling of this problem that the life of the present Government depends.

Lucky Princess.

Here is a late portrait of Princess Arthur of Connaught, who is the principal beneficiary and legatee under the will of the late Lord Farquhar. To the Princess is left £100,000, absolutely, and a similar amount is left upon trust for her for life, with remainder to her son, the Earl of Macduff, who is now nine years of age. Among the other numerous bequests to members of the Royal Family is £50,000 for Princess Maud, or her fiancé, Lord Carnegie, should her contemplated marriage take place, and £2,000 to Prince George. Lord Farquhar's estate is valued provisionally at £400,000, and the death duties will amount roughly to £100,000.

Chaos in Clubland.

A few days ago I happened to meet Major the Hon. E. Cadogan, M.P. for Reading; he looked very "hot and bothered." At the moment no questions of foreign affairs or domestic policy were flustering him, but he was truly worried because he could not find any of his West End clubs open. They are all closed for their annual cleaning. Indeed, the chaos in clubland is worse than the muddle in Middle Europe.

The Carlton.

Talking of clubs, the Carlton is contemplating an extension of its premises by the acquisition of a Crown lease in Carlton House-terrace. Lord Younger of Leitch is sending out an appeal to members of the club to delve into their capacious pockets to find the necessary funds. All the same, it is generally felt that the additional rooms thus acquired, though probably a boon to country members, will not greatly benefit those resident in London.

A Deal with a King.

The Union Club has also bought premises in Carlton House-terrace, number ten to be exact. There is an interesting story attached to this house, which for many years belonged to the Ridley family. In the reign of George IV. the Sir Matthew White Ridley of the day was the owner of a famous racehorse,

called Fleur de Lys. His Majesty greatly coveted this animal, and told Sir Matthew that he might have the valuable site, upon which the present No. 10 was being built, if he would give the racehorse in exchange. The deal was done. I suspect that the King had not forgotten the famous appeal of another Prince, "A horse, a horse, my kingdom for a horse."

It is difficult as yet to gauge the importance of events in Spain, but Spaniards may be assured of our sympathy in their troubles. One of the principal causes of our popularity in Spain may be traced to the personality of our Ambassador and his wife, Sir Esme and Lady Isabella Howard. Lady Isabella is the daughter of an Italian, Prince Bandini, who is the holder of the British title of the Earl of Newburgh, a title which dates from the year 1660. So long as our Ambassador and Ambassadors remain in Madrid, the Spanish Government will retain the most cordial feelings towards this country.

Lady Mabel Howard.

Sir Esme's sister-in-law, Lady Mabel Howard, is one of the world's greatest workers. No council or parochial matter can affect the county of Cumberland without the knowledge and probably the approval of Lady Mabel. She is the keenest of all local stateswomen. An aunt of the present Earl of Antrim, she has all the enthusiasm of an Irishwoman of the right sort.

Sir Robert Horne.

There is no doubt about it that Sir Robert Horne is proving by his public utterances what a statesman he is. He was certainly one of the greatest successes, if not the greatest, of the Coalition Government. Is the present Government so confident of its future that it can really afford to do without the co-operation of a man of Sir Robert's calibre? In common with many other loyal Conservatives, I beg leave to doubt it.

The Funny League.

Is it not curious that the actions, or rather passivity, of the League of Nations have been hailed as a triumph by the supporters of that egregious body? Somehow the peremptory injunctions to the representatives of the smaller nations to remain silent during recent discussions scarcely seem to me to be in accordance with the democratic practice. If the little nations may not express their opinions of the Greco-Italian incident, what is the use of their owing their subscriptions to the League?

Lord Hugh and the Pope.

Did you see, by the way, Lord Hugh Cecil's defence of the League and his scathing denunciation of the Pope and all his works? To Lord Hugh it is as difficult to avoid condemning the Papacy as it was to Mr. Dick to prevent mentioning King Charles's head in the preparation of his famous Memorandum.

London's Recorder.

Very rarely does one pick up the paper these days without seeing mentioned the name of the Recorder of London, Sir Ernest Wild, K.C. At the time of his appointment by the City of London to his high office there were not a few critics who were inclined to cavil. Now, by the humanity and wisdom of his decisions he has converted his critics into admirers. To what greater achievement could a judge aspire?

Barrister and Bar—Lucky Princess—Chaos in Clubland.

Barrister and Bar.

May I tell you a semi-legal story? A barrister friend of mine one day boarded a 'bus, and tendering a coin of the realm to the conductor told him he wanted to go to Temple Bar. "I don't know that one, sir," said the conductor. "Well," replied my friend somewhat absent-mindedly, "it has been taken away for some time now." "Has it?" retorted the conductor. "Then I call it a blinking shame that the Government don't renew the licence."

The Stage.

On New Year's eve next Gertrude Lawrence, whose portrait we give, makes her New York debut at the Times Square Theatre in Andre Charlot's London Revue of 1923, under the auspices of Archibald Selwyn. She commenced her theatrical career at the age of 10 in pantomimes at 6s per week. In 1911 she appeared in "The Little Michus," subsequently being engaged by Andre Charlot for a place in "Some" at the Vaudeville. At the same theatre she appeared in "Cheep," "Tabu," and "Buss-Buss," and later made a big success in "A to Z" at the Prince of Wales Theatre. "Dede" followed this at the Garrick, then "Rats," the Vaudeville production, and now Miss Lawrence is playing in "London Calling" at the Duke of York's.

A Cricketing Family.

The engagement of Lord Clifton to Miss Kidston will again bring the name of a famous cricketing family before the eye of the public. Lord Clifton's father is the Earl of Darnley, better known to lovers of the national game as the Hon. Ivo Bligh.

Tennis at Eastbourne.

During the past week the South of England Lawn Tennis Tournament has been in full swing at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne. As usual, there have been a very large number of entries, and the event has attracted a good proportion of stars, including Messrs. Godfree, F. G. Lowe, Ingram, Dr. Fyfe and Miss Austin. And, best of all, the weather has been glorious.

Farnham's Member.

I happened to meet Mr. A. M. Samuel, M.P. for the Farnham Division, on his way to the Sunny South Coast. The Farnham representative is himself the sunniest of Samuels, and a more delightful companion it would be difficult to find. In the House his commonsense and industry have made him prominent among the Conservative back-benchers.

A Great Sportsman.

Wednesday's St. Leger drew a large crowd of fashionable folk to Doncaster. Princess Mary and Lord Lascelles were with Lord Londale's party. The Yellow Earl, as he is known in Cumberland, is as conspicuous and popular a figure at Doncaster as he is at the Horse Show. But, in fact, there are few sporting events, national or local, which do not claim his lordship's beneficent interest.

Mexico.

I find that the remarks I made last week as to the failure of the Foreign Office to recognise the Mexican Government have found strong support among British commercial interests in that country. Leading bankers, contractors, merchants, railway companies and others have consistently but fruitlessly urged Lord Curzon to renew official relations with the Mexican Government. Now the Americans have got ahead again.

Missing Our Chances.

It is not generally known that British money already invested in Mexico is more by seventeen million gold dollars than corresponding American investments. While with one voice the Government declare the necessity of encouraging our overseas trade, with another voice they haughtily reject the advantages offered to British interests by one of the richest lands in Christendom. I wonder whether Sir Montague Barlow, worried as he must be by growing unemployment, ever talks to his colleagues at the F.O. about these matters?

Labour's Failure.

Had the Labour Party been really effective in opposition this is one of the matters to which they might with profit have turned their attention. In very truth the Labourites are so Conservative that they will hold on to the discredited policy of friendship with Russia when even according to their own information it is pretty clear that there is little profit to be got out of Russia for the British working classes.

RANDOM RHYMES.

Some things there are that puzzle me,
For I've a curious nature,
And one of them's the mystery
Of Labour nomenclature.

If William is a leader's name,
It sounds a little silly
To metamorphose the same
To Bill, or Willy, or Willy.

And why corrupt the name to Jim
If James his proper style is?
Why Jack for John, or Bob for him
Who's head of all the smiles?
Of course we know these Labour men
All pose as democratic,
Hence Benjamin appears as Ben—
It's just a bit erratic.

CIGARETTE PAPERS.

FOR AFTER DINNER SMOKING.

By the Lounge.

Summer Time Ended 3 o'clock This Morning.

THERE is a gentle melancholy in the fact that Summer Time has ended. It cannot but recall to the student of history that poignant scene at the inquest on a beautiful unknown. According to contemporary reports, the coroner and the jury viewed the body, and returned to the court-room much moved.

F.C. (178 M) Thomas Moore was then sworn. He stated that shortly after midnight, while patrolling his beat in Park Lane, he saw something lying on the grass inside the railings. Flashing his lantern upon it, he found it was the deceased. He procured a conveyance, and had it removed to the mortuary. On the instructions of the Divisional Inspector he subsequently made inquiries; as a result, he was able to state that the body the jury had viewed was popularly known as The Last Rose of Summer. He had reason to believe she had been left blooming alone.

The Coroner: Blooming well alone!

Witness: No, sir; blooming alone, in a manner of speaking.

All her lovely companions, witness was informed, having become faded, had gone.

A Jurymen: Is there any suspicion of foul play?

The Coroner: I have a medical certificate stating that death was due to exposure.

A verdict to that effect was returned, the jury requesting the Coroner to draw the attention of the Home Office, and of social workers generally, through the medium of the Bishop of London, to the state of affairs in the parks and open spaces.

IT always annoys me when I hear of the intelligence of what they are pleased to call the lower classes. As a matter of fact, your horny-handed son of toil is no fool; his mind may move slowly, but it grasps the essential point and hangs on to it like a bulldog.

The other day, having myself a passion for work, I stopped in sheer sympathy to watch half a hundred stout fellows digging up the roadway. Two of them, dripping with perspiration, were forced at last to rest for a few moments, their broad white chests heaving as they leaned panting on the temporary railings beside me.

"This 'ere Mussolini seems to be a strong sort o' bloke," remarked one, eyeing the portrait of the passing assembly. "Strong!" replied his friend; "strong! So'd you be strong if you 'ad the backing wet Mussolini 'as."

"Wot backing?"

"Wot backing, says you?" He smiled. "Why, ain't he got all them bloomin' Fascists solid behind 'im?"

THIS week the watermen of Richmond—What ferry ho! Grammar! hold their regatta, an aquatic event which in 1925 (if the world has not been earthquake or poison-gassed out of existence) will be one hundred and fifty years old.

I never go to Richmond without thinking of Maids of Honour (the cakes, I mean); and the jolly splintering of the lances and ringing of the shields in the tourney. . . .

"In the month of May," says Stow (of 1580) in his *Annales*, "was holden a great and valiant jousting within the kings' manor of Shene, now called Richmond. . . . upon the green without the gate of the said manor."

"In the which space a combat was holden and done betwixt Sir James Parkar, knight, and Hugh Vaughan, gentleman usher, upon contrivance for the armes that Garter gave to the seide Hugh Vaughan; but hee was there allowed by the King to beate them, and Sir James Parkar was slaine at the first course."

And that was that—so far as Sir James was concerned. Next couple for the lists, please; fealty, now, my masters, for glory and fair ladies. Stand away from the gates, you boys.

ALBANIA, I observe, wants a king—an Englishman, if possible.

The Albanians, I gather, are formed of the Ghers in the north and the Taks in the south, and the two sections still indulge in that nasty vendetta habit of handing down the blood-feud from generation to generation.

Chatting with an affable Tusk some time ago, I hinted that this vendetta thing must become rather a bore in course of time.

"Oh, I don't know," he replied earnestly, as he rolled a cigarette; "one must do something, you know. Of course, the fellows who live on the frontier can't always shoot a Bulgarian or two when things are dull; but for down down the life of a country gentleman is a dull affair."

Something sang in the air as he spoke, and his hat fell off.

"Excuse me," he said, with the national courtesy, and, drawing a revolver, he fired twice.

"Good," he remarked, replacing the weapon in his belt; "I rather wanted to get that fellow. He's a Bulgarian, you know—quite a good family. His brother Serge—that was Vassili—is a very decent head at snooker, and the girl is pretty. But Vassili always annoyed me—much more of the Ghig type, you know. He sides, he simply will not replace his divots, and as I'm the honorary secretary. . . ."

"Quite," I responded.

"By the bye," I added, "what is the feud about?"

"My dear fellow," he replied, laughing heartily, "I haven't the foggiest notion. The Vh ancestor probably revolved in the club bridge tournament, or something like that. But I must be going. I want to get that fellow Serge's side-whiskers for my little brother Paul. I'm warning him not to get too into the third eleven this season. Cheers!"



UPSETTING THE APPLE CART.
As compared with July the August total of imports shows an increase of nearly £12,000,000.

PROBING INTO THE MYSTERY OF THE POOL OF DEATH.

TENSE SCENE OF ANGUISH AS FATHER IDENTIFIES SHOT SON.

MOTHER'S SPRAY OF CARNATIONS BY HER BOY'S SIDE.

Rash speculation, fraud, murder and suicide are all linked together in the story of the grim discovery of a clergyman's son found buried in a cesspool on a ruined farm, after he had been shot through the head about eighteen months ago.

A mother's dream, and a bereaved father's ceaseless investigation to solve the mystery of his son's fate led to a police search on The Welcomes Stud Farm, Kenley, where the remains of George Eric Gordon Tombe, the son of the Rev. Geo. Gordon Tombe, of Sydenham, was found.

Only formal evidence was given at the inquest opened yesterday at Borden Hill Mortuary and adjourned until September 25.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Kenley, Saturday.

Dramatic incidents marked the coroner's inquiry to-day.

The coroner, Mr. F. J. Nightingale, sat with his jury in the little mortuary chapel situated in the middle of the beautiful cemetery at Borden Hill.

Outside, the sun was shining brightly in strange contrast to the solemn gathering within. Heads bent low in sympathy as a black-veiled figure, supported on the arm of an aged clergyman entered to take her seat on the bench at the coroner's left.

It was Mrs. Tombe, the dead man's mother. In her hand she carried a spray of red and white carnations, which afterwards were placed on the remains in the mortuary.

The first witness was the Rev. George Gordon Tombe, the bereaved father. In low but firm tones he gave his evidence, and identified the body as that of his son by the clothing and gold stopping in a tooth.

"Do you recognise this?" asked the coroner, holding out a small object. It was a gold wristlet watch, which had lain with the body at the bottom of the pool of death.

"Yes," said the father, the anguish in his voice becoming acute. "That is my son's."

The Rev. Tombe, in the course of his evidence, said that his son was a motor engineer by profession, and that he would have been 30 next November.

Dr. Brooks, police surgeon, said in the brain there were four small shots of the size used for shooting game birds.



ERNEST DYER.

Mrs. Tombe dreamt that her son was buried in the garden.

"In my dream I heard him say," she said, "Oh, let me out. Thus I felt he was shut up somewhere and could not get free."

Having searched the grounds and the ruined farmhouse, the police confined their attention to the three disused cesspools.

The first two were emptied, but revealed nothing save a mass of debris. After working strenuously for two hours on the third two officers discovered at the bottom of the pit the decomposing body of Tombe.

What were the unfortunate young man's last hours will never be known. It can only be conjectured from facts that have come to light that between April 21-23, 1922, Dyer, after having shot Tombe from behind with a sporting gun, lowered the body down the pit by the aid of a strap, and then by means of skillful mimicry proceeded to impersonate his dead partner, until he met his death at Scarborough by a self-directed bullet.

The story of Dyer's life with which that of young Tombe is interwoven so closely is a remarkable one. In 1920, Dyer, who had been in turn a fruit grower, a pearl-fisher, engineer, a racing sportsman, and a soldier at Gallipoli, acquired a motor-engineer's business in London.

It was then he placed the whole of his war gratuity on Furlong in the Lincoln Handicap, and by the horse winning at 33 to 1, he obtained a fortune of £15,000, with which he acquired the Welcomes and set up a racing stud.

Since his acquisition of the Welcomes Dyer's racing luck seems to have changed, and he lost heavily, with the result that in 1921 he owed money in various directions.

It was in April of the same year that a fire broke out and completely gutted the house. Dyer then claimed £12,000 from an insurance company, but after many inquiries were made, the claim was left unsettled.

In April, 1922, when it is supposed he was responsible for the death of Tombe, he was being pressed for money from all sides.

An extraordinary series of events after Mr. Tombe's disappearance led his parents to suspect foul play.

In July the dead man's father heard of Dyer through a hairdresser with whom both men were customers, and from information received the clergyman went to Kenley to make further inquiries.

Another incident is related by a woman friend of Mr. Tombe's in connection with an appointment she made to meet him at Euston in April. Tombe did not turn up, but Dyer arrived saying he had had a telegram from his friend stating he had been called overseas.

The woman told Dyer she disbelieved the story and said she would put the detectives on his track. Later inquiries ascertained the telegram to be a fake.

PEDIGREE GHOST SEEN AGAIN.

EERIE MEETING.

DOGS COWER AND CARS RUSH PAST.

A ghost has come to disturb the quiet village of Emsworth, Hampshire, writes our Portsmouth correspondent. Its "beat" is on the Havant-road, where it passes through a copse known as Bere Block Dell.

It appears as a tall man with his hands fixed closely to his side as if at attention and with head bowed as if in meditation.

When first seen the ghost looked like a small fog bank. A number of people, startled by its appearance in front of them, watched it assume more definite form in the rays of the headlights of an approaching motor-car.

Right in the middle of the road it stood, and the car passed through it. Then it disappeared.

Mr. Frank Hartley, of North-st., Emsworth, has seen it. He says two cyclists also saw it at the same time.

As a motor car came along the ghost seemed to stand in the middle of its path and was lit by the rays of the lamp. A second car passed but showed up no ghost.

"My dog seemed uneasy," said an Emsworth woman, "and kept close to me. I got into a position by the blurred outline of a tall man."

There is an old legend that the ghost of a murdered smuggler or seaman was often seen even in the time of George III., and just before the war a fisherman said he had seen it.

STORES AND WAGES.

REDUCTION RUMOUR DENIED BY EMPLOYERS.

"No wage reductions are being contemplated in any store in Greater London which are members of the Incorporated Association of Retail Distributors, unless in individual stores where sales reductions, which might have been put into operation some time ago, are being effected."

This is the gist of a statement made in an interview yesterday by Mr. T. E. Jackson, secretary of the association in respect of an assertion made by Mr. Hoffman, of the Shop Assistants' Union, that the Civil Service Supply Association were carrying out wage cuts.

"The new rates recommended by the association two or three months ago mainly affected juniors to the extent of about 2s. a week," added Mr. Jackson, "juniors being regarded as learners who are definitely being taught a trade."

Members of the Workers' Union are organising meetings to discuss the position created by the announcement of a reduction in wages paid to waitresses in Lyons' tearooms, and to consider the organisation of employees in other tearooms and restaurants.

"We are contemplating action," said an official to a Press representative, "but not immediately."

MOTOR RACE ACCIDENT.

A serious accident occurred last night in the Ulster Grand Prix motor race over a 200-mile course in Antrim. F. Collard, of Salop, came to grief and was removed unconscious to the Royal Hospital, Belfast.

BEEDLES FINDS BITEAR AND REGRETS IT . . .

By OMNIS.



Mr. Bamboodle.

Beedles gave an apologetic sort of cough and continued: "You've only got to say that sort of thing once to Sam Beedles and he's not long in finding it."

And I found it in a side turning off the main Peckham-rd. one Sunday morning. I saw a yellow dog of frightfully mixed ancestry about two yards and a half long, including its tail, "yapping" at the heels of a small man in dirty khaki regimentals, whose "listeners" extended from each side of his face like two gigantic Japanese fans and so prevented his cap from slipping entirely over his bullet head.

I had only just time enough to take in these details when an oath crackled from his shag-stained lips and exploded with such force that it caused some loose mortar to rattle out from between the bricks of an adjacent garden wall, and then he threw what I thought at first was a medium-sized brown leather trunk (it turned out afterwards to be a record sized boot full of hefty foot) at the ochre-haired canine of doubtful parentage. It was the first time that I ever saw a dog do a complete mid-air flight without any particular effort of his own, and when he finally sat on the pavement at the other side of the road, he must have wondered with that yellow grin of his whether he had been propelled through space by a strictly local earthquake, or the pavement had developed an uncanny kick of its own.

I saw there was no time to be wasted, so I at once rushed to the owner of the big foot and said, "I want you."

"Do yer?" he said at once, throwing his cap on the ground and peeling off his coat with lightning-like rapidity. "I thought I was being followed by a sneak cop in a dud suit of civvies, an' I'm rite. I suppose it's for that raid on the 'am and beef"

shop the boys made the other night. Well, I own up to it, but you'll 'ave to fight it before you 'ooks me."

It took me quite a quarter of an hour to explain matters as we meanwhile walked warily round each other like two angry Dorking chancellors sparring for an opening, he with his sleeves tucked up, and me holding out two expostulating hands, while the yellow dog still sat on the pavement opposite, trying to clear up the mystery, why he had so suddenly arrived there.

At last, after I had wired to Bamboodle that I had captured the "biggest kick" in the world, we arrived. I full of anxiety and my capture full of hope and other things, by the 3.35 at Mizzleton, and received quite an ovation at Roggins' (he was the vice-chairman of the committee) general stores. He said he had played football all over the world, from Hell's Gate on the fiery East African coast, to Frost-Bitten Point, within the inner zone of the Arctic pole.



Bitear.

team were always falling over his gargantuan hoofs. Despite our protestations he followed the ball everywhere, and finally, with one mighty kick, sent the ball and our centre-forward—a man of some 17 stone—right through the goal-netting of the opposition—the keeper with it—with the result that the game was declared off.

I've never seen him since, but I still hold the belief that if his feet had been properly trained he would have become the terror of the football world. I'm confident he could have stood on Plymouth Hoe and stood a shilling of 20 miles an hour without shifting a sixteenth part of an inch.



"One more hour won't be tranquility!" "Why not stop the clock altogether, and give things a real chance to settle down." Mr. B n.

tators were present at the fight, and the gate receipts amounted to £250,000.

The U.S. Government takes £40,000 of this, says the Exchange.

The police had to use their batons on the crowd, who attempted to rush the gates before the match.

Reuter says from New York that the furious nature of the Dempsey-Firpo fight is best illustrated by the announcement that both pugilists are more or less in seclusion. Dempsey has a discoloured left eye, but he was able to take a long walk. Firpo slept after visiting a restaurant, where he was literally mobbed by admirers.

Mr. Tex Rickard is reported to be in favour of another match next year, as he regards this fight as indecisive. "Count Out's" notes on the fight will be found on Page 14.

PAYMENT BY RESULTS.

The Amalgamated Engineering Union are balloting the Royal dockyards on the suggestion of the Admiralty that the principle of payments by results, now operating in the constructive department, should be extended to the engineering trades.

It is understood that the men in Portsmouth are turning down the suggestion by a large majority. The ballots will be completed in time for the meeting of the Ships' Building Trades Joint Council on Wednesday.

SECRET TRIP TO UNSEEN BRIDE.

"THE RIGHT ONE." STRAIN ON MAN WHO CHOSE FROM 2,500.

(From Our Own Correspondent.)

Maidenhead, Saturday.

Mr. Archibald Turner, the young man of Cores End, Bucks, who recently chose his bride-to-be from 2,500 women, left secretly this morning for a Suffolk seaside resort, there to meet her for the first time.

The lucky woman is a boarding-house keeper, and Mr. Turner a confectioner and tobacconist.

Referring to the many hundreds of photographs he received following his petition to the Maidenhead Guardians to find him a wife, Mr. Turner said: "I have at last sorted them out, and I feel confident that I have found the right one to suit my ideals and taste. I have chosen a sensible, honest girl who will be sure to suit my mother and me."

He added: "I am not sorry the trying time is over, as it has been a great strain on me."

There were offers from all parts of England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France and Belgium. One woman wrote from Constantinople and described herself as "a true-born Turkish girl; age 25, dark, with lovely-moulded features, small feet and a beautiful set of white teeth. An early riser, a splendid cook, and can ride a bike or horse."

"Finally it came to a choice between two—a young aspirant living at Brighton and the lady in Suffolk. The Brighton lady, however, made a tactical blunder, and, forcing the pace, turned the odds against herself, and the Suffolk lady won."

The Mrs. Turner-to-be has been a widow three years.

She is thirty-one, and two years senior to Mr. Turner.

The wedding is to take place in about three weeks' time.

A BEERY QUESTION.

Twenty-one Gallons Drunk During Rick Fire.

Whether the flames were put out with beer or water was the pertinent question asked by the chairman of Brownhills Urban District Council, when it was stated that £4 4s. was spent on 21 gallons of beer consumed at two rick fires which cost the ratepayers £103 13s. 6d.

The captain said that most of the beer was drunk by outsiders, who were carrying buckets of water. He was warned to be careful of expenditure in future.

14 Cases of Diphtheria through Contaminated Milk

BOY DISEASE CARRIER.

Dr. E. C. Annis, medical officer of health for Greenwich, S.E., describes in his annual report how an outbreak of diphtheria was traced to a boy who delivered milk.

There were 14 cases in one district, and Dr. Annis states that all the families were supplied with milk from one dairy and that the cases were chiefly on one milk round.

The boy who left the case on this round was found to be suffering from diphtheria and was taken to hospital, after which no further cases occurred.

Extract "Evening News," Sept. 10th.

EVERY MOTHER SHOULD READ THIS TERRIBLE INDICTMENT OF THE PRESENT SYSTEM OF MILK DELIVERY.

Day after day, thousands of precious lives are risked by the careless handling of milk intended for infantile consumption. Poured from one container to another, ordinary milk is exposed and subjected to serious risks, clearly demonstrated on the unimpeachable authority of Dr. Annis, M.R.C.S., L.R.C.P., L.S.A., D.P.H. On the other hand your Chemist stocks in his scrupulously clean shop COW & GATE MILK FOOD in hermetically sealed tins, containing all the nourishment and body building properties of the Purest, Richest Milk of the West Country, Safe and Clean, exposed only for the few moments it takes to make Baby's bottle.

NOW WHICH WILL YOU GIVE TO YOUR BABY?

Cow & Gate Milk Food

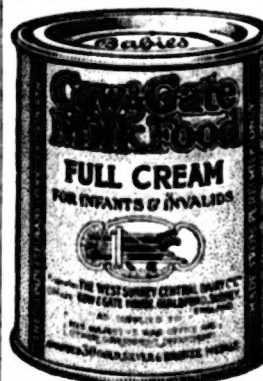
Of all Chemists,
1/6, 2/9,
7/9 per Tin.

Awarded the Certificate of the Institute of Hygiene.

COUPON FOR FREE SAMPLE.

Write your name and address on this Coupon, post to us and we will send post free a miniature tin of COW & GATE MILK FOOD.

WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS. DEPT. 7.



Dept. 7, COW & GATE HOUSE, GUILDFORD, Surrey.

Babies Love it



ERIC GORDON TOMBE.

The skull was broken into three parts, with a hole on the right side, and one and a quarter inches in diameter.

It might have been caused by a shot from a shot gun at a short range. The head might have been blown off by the explosion, or injuries might have been caused by boulders dropped into the well. Death was caused by gunshot wounds. He was evidently shot behind the ear on the right side.

The inquest was then adjourned.

TOMBE'S PARTNER.

SUICIDE OF FRIEND AFTER PURSUIT BY POLICE.

The official theory is that Tombe was killed by his one-time partner, Ernest Dyer, a man of many aliases, well known in the fast set of London and the Continent.

Dyer, who acquired the Welcomes Stud Farm in 1918, committed suicide at a Scarborough hotel when on the point of being arrested for fraud.

It is held that he shot himself as he feared the pool of death had yielded up its secret.

Tombe lived in a London hotel, but went to Kenley every day, until April when his visits ceased. No trace of him could be discovered in spite of the assiduous father's efforts, until prompted by his wife's dream and the result of inquiries in the neighbourhood, he reported the matter to the police about a month ago.



The ruins of The Welcomes Farm, Kenley, where the grim discovery was made.

START THIS ROMANTIC NEW SERIAL TO-DAY.



"LUCKY IN LOVE"

The Enthralling Adventures of a "Beauty Shop" Girl.

BY BERTA RUCK.

CHAPTER I

A Queen's Keepsake.

"GOOD-MORNING, Miss Threadgold. Can I come in? I want to tell you something awful! Oh, I am in a mess! Can I bother you for a minute, dear?"

"Of course, come in!" I said, looking up from my breakfast-tray at the other girl-lodger whose face, pale and worried, was framed in the doorway of my bed-sitting-room this fine morning at eight o'clock.

"What's happened, Miss Davis?" I asked, looking up from my West-End drumming school.

"The sack? No. Nothing so simple," murmured little Miss Davis, coming in. She was really dressed to go to work. Planking her rounded person down on the edge of my bed, she glanced at "Whatever shall I do?"

"About what? With a girl who works generally one of two troubles. Is it Love—or Money?"

"Money," she sighed.

"Much?"

"Too much for me. Thirty-five pounds."

"Heaven!" It means as much to me as to her. "Thirty-five?"

"Yes! Might as well say a thousand, just now. I can pay it off in ten and fifteen at a time. But what's the good of that? Ten pounds to find by Friday? Where?"

"And what for?" I asked.

"That champagne georgette gown we've been doing for Lady Rosset," explained Miss Davis. "Wanted for Goodwood, so all of us have been working like—well, like slaves to get it done."

"I was working at that when all the others went up to lunch. Now, thought I, it's too hot to eat; I'll just get on with this. Maybe a cigarette?"

"No, no, no! I thought, I don't want to be caught with a cigarette in my mouth, of course. I'll wait till the smoke has gone. Just dropped out of my hand, Miss Threadgold. Right on to that shiny stuff! It blazed—better get on with your breakfast."

"I swallowed some tea. 'Your people say you're to make up the damage?'"

"Of course. Madame told me of something checking, though she's short of workers. And it takes too long to stop the money out of my salary. Says I must let her have it a tinner at a time, out of each week. Anybody would think she and her old man would starve, wanting the price of that gown for a month. The matter with them is they're too well-off to let a farthing go!" explained the dressmaker's hand.

"It's the poor that help the poor. I hate asking you, but—suppose, dear, you haven't got any money to lend?"

"Money?"

"The small change in my hand-bag holds a ten-shilling note. The side-pocket holds two half-crowns, coppers, a glove-button. A fern in my handkerchief case. Five stamps. That was all. All! Those six weeks when I was out of a job had devoured my Office savings."

"Fifteen shillings and sevenpence," announced my fellow-lodger grimly, "is all I've got."

"I suggested crudely, 'Nothing you can lend?'"

"Not a thing that 'd fetch more than a few shillings. . . . Not able to raise a shilling between the pair of us? Yet we're in good jobs as jobs go. What becomes of money, Miss Threadgold?"

"I shook my head.

"Miss Davis went on. 'I know you'd help if you could. It's you who ought to have a big business with girls under you. Not an old bird-of-prey like me!'"

"Well, Miss Davis, that money didn't ought to be too hard for you to find. An attraction for young ladies like you, always sure of attention. I've noticed! Plenty of gentleman-friends ready to oblige with a loan, I fancy."

"Meaning, of course, Sir Roderick Rosset?"

"What, the husband of the client whose gown you burn?"

"A Queen's Keepsake."

"You know I told you Lady Rosset dragged him along to our place. There he was the fat old brute, trying to get heavily with me when I brought in the gown. Wrote to me after, giving me his telephone-number, and wouldn't I do a little dinner and a show with him after?"

"William knew I'd refused; said I was a fool. What a world, Miss Threadgold, for girls who work!"

"I'll right for the others," sighed the girl in the room.

"Not for us?"

"You won't, though, will you?" I asked indignantly. "You won't borrow money from me?"

"Not if I can think of any other way, but—when are I to turn?"

"Just thought!" I exclaimed. "I've suddenly remembered something that will help money."

"What?"

"I asked her out of the handbag that had yielded so little comfort. Out of the bottom drawer I took something. Packed away, wrapped in my grandmother's remnant handkerchief edged with rose-point. Here it had lain forgotten, my last possession for better times."

"Look. This is an old patch-box which belonged to the French Queen Marie Antoinette. She gave it as a keepsake to one of her ladies-in-waiting who married a young Englishman; my great-great-grandfather. That is how it came into my family. It's supposed to be valuable because of the connection. There's a charm attached to the box, too. They say that whoever carries it about will be sure to be 'lucky in love.'"

"Really?" exclaimed Miss Davis, forgetting her trouble for the moment.

"I eagerly she gazed upon this tin of blue and white enamel with a silver rim. . . . with a single reputation. All nonsense, no doubt."

"As it lay in my hand there seemed to me into the cheap, modern-London looking brown case a lovely re-commissioned diamond from days when a Queen, long dead, was young."

"Miss Threadgold! Why ever did you put it up in a drawer, then, instead of bringing it about with you everywhere to keep it safe?"

"I thought my shoulders. Look, in Love, didn't interest me. No time. No heart for it."

"No energy left over from the daily grind—my struggle of earning my bread and keeping my head above water!"

"Yes—Marie Louise Threadgold, of good family and education, but now penniless, middle-aged, aged twenty-two, and employed in the Beauty-Shop of 'Aphrodite' in London."

"I opened the box's heart-shaped lid, inside this a dim mirror (where once Marie Antoinette had viewed the reflection of her face) lay a small pale three-cornered box, heavily jeweled with gold and 'hard' looking little stones. Any might look hard when one has to 'act' it in the deter-

mination to go on until one drops and then to drop.

"I snapped the lid to. 'To-day, when I go out to lunch I'll show this in one of those Bond-st. shops. At least they'll give me something of its value. A collector once offered my grandmother a hundred guineas for it. A hundred!'"

"But what a shame to sell a box that—"

"That's probably never been of the faintest use to anybody. I shan't regret it. I secured her. 'If it gets you out of a hole! I don't care two straws about selling it. I'd care badly if you . . . Well, it'll be all right now. Look in this evening,' I said, offering the Queen's Keepsake into my black silk handbag. 'I shall be full of rousing notes!'"

"Optimist!"

"Our lodging house is in Parnassus Place. N. Just as one gets to the corner there is a big garage with hiring cars always chugging in and out, a petrol-pump, advertisements for tyres, motor mechanics tinkering, and so on. I pass every day, without noticing."

"The only reason I've ever even seen the young man who was again outside there this morning is that he's particularly tall, and vividly coloured; red-haired, fresh-faced, and wears a 'boiler'—suit of bright blue. Of course I have noticed him. Only just noticed."

"As I passed him to-day my handbag dropped on the pavement at his feet."

"He picked it up, I thanked him, and hurried on hoping he hadn't imagined I'd done it on purpose. A moment later he ran down the sunny street after me."

"I beg your pardon, but I think this fell out of your bag?"

"This was of all things—the heart-shaped enamel box. Imagine if I'd lost it! Imagine if I'd not noticed the loss until lunch-time when I turned out my handbag. . . . No! My only chance gone of helping a friend in distress! It didn't bear thinking about; and I could have blamed that long-legged young motor mechanic for his quickness and honesty."

"Thank you ever so much!" I exclaimed fervently. He put up his hand to his red hair in the characteristic post-war salute and, just before he turned, smiled down at me. Impossible to help noticing that he had a particularly pleasant smile, and even

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Away into this air melted my hopes of solving Miss Davis's problem! From a hundred guineas down to twelve and sixpence!

"Unless you contrive to sell it privately," murmured the other expert put in more kindly. "If the young lady likes, I don't mind buying the box myself—"

"I turned eagerly."

"It's quite a pretty tone of blue. I'd make it a guinea!"

"Thank you. I think on the whole I prefer to keep the box." I slipped it back into my bag. "Good-day!"

"What a day! My lunch was saved with the bitterness of what I'd have to tell poor little Miss Davis. The afternoon's work at Aphrodite's was one hectic rush of society women to be made radiant before the bal masque at the Albert Hall. The last client did not leave until six-thirty."

After which a telephone-call came through to say that another client—Miss Celia Scandole—wished for treatment at her home in Knightsbridge at seven, and "would like to be attended by the pretty girl with bobbed brown hair who was just coming out of the lift when Miss Scandole was buying a hair-wrap this morning."

"I remember her; but she's not one of my regular clients, and I am dead-tired!" I protested. "Can't you send someone else?"

"I haven't a soul left to send. Miss Threadgold," sighed the secretary at the appointment-book. "There is only you."

"Very well. An idea had come to me. It had been suggested that I might 'contrive' to sell that box privately. Why shouldn't I approach this girl-client who called thirty-five guineas 'not dear' and get round her to give me a good stiff price for it? Against rules for me to sell anything (except Aphrodite's wares) to a client. Never mind!"

I was prepared to risk the sack!

Seven o'clock found me, holding a neat Beauty-Box packed with sunburn-creams and hair-oil, on the doorstep of the house in Knightsbridge. No sooner was the door opened to me by a quite theatrical-looking

family butler than I felt that there was something that kept Adventure for me about this town house.

Although in mid-evening, it had a curiously "left" look. On the hall table a heap of letters showed scribbled-over addresses "to be sent on." On the right a huge stool stood open giving a glimpse of a door leading to a big music room. From behind the balcony door the staff-quarters showed a glimpse of untrammelled girlish merriment. Family away!

I followed the butler up to the second landing, where a grey-haired lady's maid appeared.

"Are you from Madame Aphrodite's? Will you come in here, please?" She opened a white door.

I entered a bedroom that seemed at first sight immense as Paddington Station. There was a wardrobe as big as the Monument; like-like mirrors; a plate-glass sheeted dressing table glittering like Asprey's windows. All the furniture, with touches of gold and coruscator blue. The bed was an ancient four-poster, richly carved; its hangings, quilt, sheets, and pillows were of blue satin. Against one of these pillows the pale face and pale-wrapped figure of a young girl showed like a white handkerchief flung down.

Out of the shadows came her luscious voice. "You the Beauty-girl?"

"Yes; I have been sent for your treatment."

"Thank goodness you're a nice soft voice. That's important. (Turn on the lights, Harrison.) Yes. This is the girl I meant—glad you came," said the client, rising from the bed.

She was my own height, with one of those nondescript small faces that can look lovely in animation and plain when bowed. Now she looked very tired and somewhat absent. Harrison, the butler, took a bar of soap from the three-paneled dressing mirror. I perched myself on a higher stool behind her and, with my pot of cleansing cream and pad of wool, set to work on the girl's face that looked so tired as I felt.

Not too tired to talk, apparently! She said, "Simply everything going to this beauty ball to-night. I don't suppose one of them is as unknown as I am!"

"Oh," I said, politely, "how is that?"

"Too difficult to explain. Life is very complicated. Your finger is something. Beautiful. What's your real name?"

"Threadgold."

"Miss Threadgold. Pretty. Your other name?"

"Marie Louise?" French?

"I was called after a French great-grandmother."

"Good. Fair hair!" exclaimed the client, strange girl. I wondered what she was driving at. She added irrelevantly, "Are you good at men?"

I told her Aphrodite's did not take male clients. "I didn't mean that. I meant—do you find men easy to talk to and to get on with? You do, I expect?"

"I smiled. 'Men? How should I know? I work all day long where I don't see men. When I leave business I am too tired to be anything but bad and a back from the book library, of which I read a chapter before I go to sleep. The question of 'talking' and 'getting on' doesn't arise."

"But," she protested, "you're so pretty! I should have thought lots of men would have been in love with you?"

"Very few! Two, to be exact."

"Tell me about them."

"It's odd, the way leashed women question the girls who work for them—hairdressers, manicurists, girls about their own affairs. Sometimes it's idle curiosity. But sometimes they turn to the girl in business as if they thought that she—having more knowledge of life's hardships, could also tell them more of life's joys than they, in their sheltered existence, could otherwise glean."

"I always answer the clients' questions with the simplest, uninteresting truth. 'One man who proposed to me was in the office of those lawyers who 'wound up' affairs when my father died. But he was forty-five and I was seventeen. The other knew my brother who was killed in France. Afterwards he looked me up. He'd gone over to British East Africa to try to make money, and he has asked me if I will wait for him."

"And will you?" asked Miss Scandole, interestedly.

"Well, wait; I don't know if it's for him, or because there's nothing else to do," I said philosophically. "He's nice. I like him well enough. Naturally, a girl is flattered."

"Two points of view."

"A girl so pretty might take it for granted that countless men would be ready to marry her."

"But they don't, Miss Scandole. Don't you see, it's one thing to be a pretty girl with frocks and everything to 'set' one, a lovely house for the young man to stay at, money to take one everywhere where the most amusing people go. It's another thing for a girl to be pretty as you're kind enough to say I am, but who possesses one good out-door costume and a few overalls, and who has to work for her living from eight-thirty to six in the evening and then has to go home by crowded tube train to spend the evening in a bed-sitting room in cheap lodgings?"

"I suppose so," agreed Miss Scandole, as I took of the cleansing cream, and dabbed her cheeks with lotion scented like meadow-sweet. I saw her eyes watching our two reflections in the glass. Meditatively she said, "You could wear lovely clothes better than any of the girls in my set. Even now, even when you're tired and without any put-on-colour, you are better looking than these people who have just come from hours of sitting there in your beauty-salon, to be examined and measured and made-up!"

She nodded abruptly. Then, suddenly, she asked, "By the way, how much is this treatment you are giving me?"

"Two guineas."

"For an hour's work? Not bad, Miss Marie Louise Threadgold."

"No. But I don't get the two guineas," I reminded her. "We get our salary and a small commission from Aphrodite's."

"Curious to think how many people live on the luxury-trail, as they call them," said the girl-client. "Would you like the chance to make some more money, in a lump?"

"Would I?" I laughed, knowing how little she'd understand of what it would mean to me to make a lump sum just now.

"Yes. I know how you could," she spoke carefully, and now I thought I knew what she was driving at. I heard remarks like that every day for weeks before Ascot. As if pleasantly interested, I replied, "Are you going to put me on to some marvellous tip?"

"Quite a number of our clients are always giving us them. But I can't afford to go backing horses, I am afraid."

"This would not be backing horses. This would be taking on a job for me. Teaching my maid (Harrison, who had silently withdrawn) how to apply the 'Aphrodite' treatments, or how to put on a sunburn mask, or something of that sort. I didn't think I knew what she was going to say. Presently I thought I'd summon up courage to introduce the Marie Antoinette box 'deal.' But this job—just a two-guinea touch, I thought."

Miss Scandole said, "It would mean fifty pounds for you."

"Fifty pounds?" I gasped. Then I pulled myself together. This, of course, could be real. I smiled. "Only fifty pounds? Is that all?"

"For an evening's work. Not too bad!"

"Oh, very pleasant. I shall be very light-hearted. Will you keep your eyes shut, please, so that I may leave these pads on them to rest them for a few minutes?"

"No. There isn't time for any more minutes," declared Miss Celia Scandole, suddenly wheeling round, springing up, and speaking in a different voice of suppressed eagerness. "I don't want to have any more beauty-treatment, nor to have my eyes brightened, nor my eyelids glazed, nor my lashes darkened, nor wet who put on a shade, thank you. I want to talk business, to you."

She faced me.

"I'm not joking, Miss Threadgold, when I say it means fifty pounds to you. Look here there are!" She whirled about to a dressing-table, unlocked it, drew from it a little bright green leather wallet, and, from the lid of that a handful of rustling notes. I remembered how, this morning, I had prophesied to poor Miss Davis that this evening I should return to Parnassus-place laden with shovels of money.

I stared. There, in that commonplace, sombre room stood Aphrodite's girl-client, looking in her pale wrap like a slim, stray moth, and holding out to me five crackling ten-pound notes.

"But," she protested, "you're so pretty! I should have thought lots of men would have been in love with you?"

"Very few! Two, to be exact."

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TREATMENT THAT CURES—Curtain's
Mastic Appliances, all without steel springs,
is the most effective and comfortable for
the back. All other kinds of chairs, including
the famous "Holloway" and "Holloway" chairs,
are also available.

1100 CHALLENGE. Various
styles of chairs, including the famous
"Holloway" and "Holloway" chairs, are
also available.

WHY DID THE RABBIT BOLT?

It is a well-known fact that a rabbit bolted
from a gun on the 15th of September, 1923.
The rabbit was shot by a man named
John Smith, who was hunting for a
rabbit on the 15th of September, 1923.
The rabbit was shot by a man named
John Smith, who was hunting for a
rabbit on the 15th of September, 1923.

WATERPROOF COVERS

GREAT REDUCTIONS: Oiled and Dressed,
same material as Railway Rugs; fitted
with Ropes and Lashes—18ft by 9ft, 12ft
by 6ft, 10ft by 4ft, 8ft by 3ft, 6ft by 2ft,
12ft by 12ft, 10ft by 10ft, 8ft by 8ft, 6ft
by 6ft, 4ft by 4ft, 3ft by 3ft, 2ft by 2ft,
1ft by 1ft, 1/2ft by 1/2ft, 1/4ft by 1/4ft,
1/8ft by 1/8ft, 1/16ft by 1/16ft, 1/32ft by 1/32ft,
1/64ft by 1/64ft, 1/128ft by 1/128ft, 1/256ft by 1/256ft,
1/512ft by 1/512ft, 1/1024ft by 1/1024ft, 1/2048ft by 1/2048ft,
1/4096ft by 1/4096ft, 1/8192ft by 1/8192ft, 1/16384ft by 1/16384ft,
1/32768ft by 1/32768ft, 1/65536ft by 1/65536ft, 1/131072ft by 1/131072ft,
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NOTABLE VICTORIES FOR 'SPURS AND ARSENAL.

THREE CLUBS LOSE THEIR RECORD.

HOME TEAMS' DAY. PLAYERS ORDERED OFF AT HUDDERSFIELD.

ABOUT the most outstanding point in yesterday's football was the first defeat of West Bromwich Albion by the Arsenal, who previously had earned only a couple of points in five games. Apparently the return of Rutherford has made a big difference to the side, which is now showing something of the form which gave them their run of success last back-end. It is significant that the deciding goal was scored from a centre by Rutherford.

The 'Spurs, too, gained a victory that will give them great pleasure, for they won for the first time in their career at Middlesbrough.

Three other teams—Newcastle United, South Shields, and Swansea Town—lost their unbeaten certificates. The Tyne-siders met the usual fate of eleven visiting Bramall-lane, Sheffield United winning by a couple of goals to one. Swansea Town lost by two clear goals at Northampton, while South Shields succumbed by the only goal scored at Barnsley. No team has now scored the maximum points possible.

North this in the Dumps. Huddersfield Town drew for the first time this season, while clubs who for the first time were Luton Town, Fulham, and Barrow. Preston North End have only scored one point in six games.

During the day 23 home teams won, 5 lost, and there were 13 drawn games. Eighty-five goals were scored, of which the visiting teams claimed 30. The highest scorers of the day were Portsmouth with 4 goals.

Five London teams won, these being the 'Spurs, the Arsenal, Fulham, Clapton Orient, and Millwall. Chelsea and Queen's Park Rangers drew, and West Ham United, Crystal Palace, Brentford, and Charlton Athletic lost.

There was an unpleasant scene at Huddersfield, where Islip (Huddersfield) was ordered off for the alleged kicking of Fremonger, and later Flint (Notts County) also received marching orders.

The aggregate crowd at the 44 League games was roughly 650,000, the average which fell in most places affecting the attendance.

CHELSEA DRAW.

GOAL HAS MANY ESCAPES AT VILLA PARK.

ASTON VILLA & CHELSEA. Both sides made changes, the Villa being without Ball, Spiers and York, all injured, while Mort and Blackburn returned for the Villa and Thain reappeared amongst the Chelsea forwards.

Chelsea had all the worst of the opening movements, and their goal had remarkable escapes in the first few minutes. Capewell, who was twice in quick succession when well placed, while Capewell shot weakly with only his right foot, and was twice tackled, however, by Wilding and Priestley. Evened up matters, and then Chelsea made many promising raids. McNeil and Thain being the most effective. McNeil on several occasions showed his dribbling ability, and Milne shadowed Whitton successfully, and the Chelsea centre found little opening for his powerful forward.

Nearing the interval the Villa forwards developed an excellent understanding, and the Chelsea defence repeatedly in difficulties. Hampton effected a brilliant clearance from Capewell, but nearly gave a goal away from a sensational long shot by Smart. The ball cleared the bar, and was recovered whilst rolling over the line. Smith and Harrow played steadily throughout, kicking a capital length. The attendance was 5,000.

After the second half the Villa continued to press severely. Capewell went into the centre, changing places with Walker, and the chief fault continued to be erratic shooting. Wilding and Priestley hereabouts showed excellent form at half, and kept their forwards well placed with passes, but the Chelsea men were scarcely at their best, their combination being somewhat faulty. Walker got in a magnificent shot after he and Dore had done some skilful work, but Hampton effected a striking save.

It was not a specially good game, and there never seemed any time when the attack was superior to the defence. The Villa got in one fine effort on behalf of the visitors, but it just missed its mark.

The feature of the play was the solid tackling of the Chelsea half, and the straight kicking of their backs. Hampton was hurt in a tussle with Capewell, and had to receive attention, but was able to resume. The game was uninteresting to the end, the purposeless shooting palling on the onlookers.

THREE FOR THE SAINTS.

FINE DISPLAY BY REARRANGED TEAM.

SOUTHAMPTON & THE WEDNESDAY. With a rearranged forward line which worked splendidly, Southampton easily put paid to the account of Wednesday yesterday. Had the Yorkshiremen's backs not played a great game in the open half the score would have been very much bigger.

The Saints made two changes in their forward line, Brown displacing Meaton at outside right, and Pearson, a new centre-forward from Brierley Hill taking the place of Rawlings, who is suffering from a severe injury. Timmins, the international player, was unable to turn out. Hooper taking his place.

The Wednesday also made alterations. Sinks returning to lead the attack, and left-back and Randles replacing Leck at left-back.

The ground was in a slippery state, and there was very little to choose between the two sides in the first half. The Saints went off at a better time than the visitors, and compelled Brown to feel out, but after the opening fight the visitors rallied and appeared to have a more powerful defence, in which Campbell put in some telling work.

The game continued to be fast, and Johnson almost headed through the ball, striking the crossbar, and the home team's goalkeeper increased their lead with a running shot at close quarters, and shortly afterwards Pearson put in a fine run from mid-field, and though challenged by two opponents, committed them and made no mistake with his target shot.

Two more operators up to a high pitch of enthusiasm, and still to the same purpose, the visitors valiantly strove to reduce the gap. When the score was 3-0, however, they were stopped by an unflinching defence.

YESTERDAY'S FOOTBALL FACTS AND FIGURES AT A GLANCE: HOW THE TEAMS STAND.

FIRST LEAGUE.

Team	W	L	D	Goals For	Goals Against	Points
ARSENAL	1	0	0	1	0	2
ASTON VILLA	0	0	0	0	0	0
BLACKBURN	0	0	0	0	0	0
BOLTON W.	0	0	0	0	0	0
CARLISLE	0	0	0	0	0	0
HULL	0	0	0	0	0	0
LIVERPOOL	0	0	0	0	0	0
MIDDLESBROUGH	0	0	0	0	0	0
NOTT'S F.	0	0	0	0	0	0
PRESTON N.E.	0	0	0	0	0	0
SHEDFIELD U.	0	0	0	0	0	0
SHEFFIELD U.	0	0	0	0	0	0
SUNDERLAND	0	0	0	0	0	0
SWANSEA TOWN	0	0	0	0	0	0
WALSLEY	0	0	0	0	0	0
WEDNESDAY	0	0	0	0	0	0
WOLVERHAMPTON	0	0	0	0	0	0
YORK CITY	0	0	0	0	0	0

SECOND LEAGUE.

BLACKPOOL (Charles).....	Attendance.....	STOKE (Davies).....	Goals.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....
BRADFORD C. (Graham, Mc.....)	Attendance.....	OLDHAM A. (Graham, Mc.....)	Goals.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....
CLAPTON O. (Graham, Mc.....)	Attendance.....	COVENTRY C. (Graham, Mc.....)	Goals.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....
CRISTOL C. (Watts, Grove).....	Attendance.....	DUNSTON U. (Watts, Grove).....	Goals.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....
FULHAM (Davies).....	Attendance.....	CRISTAL PAL. (Davies).....	Goals.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....
LEEDS U. (Dean).....	Attendance.....	LEICESTER C. (Dean).....	Goals.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....
MANCHESTER U. (Davies).....	Attendance.....	BURY (Davies).....	Goals.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....
NELSON (Eddleton).....	Attendance.....	STOKE (Watts, Grove).....	Goals.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....
PORT VALE (Watts, Grove).....	Attendance.....	STOCKPORT C. (Watts, Grove).....	Goals.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....
SOUTHAMPTON (Pearson & Domes).....	Attendance.....	THE WEDNESDAY (Pearson & Domes).....	Goals.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....
BURY.....	P.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....	Goals.....	W.....
BURN SHIELDS.....	P.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....	Goals.....	W.....
LEICESTER C.....	P.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....	Goals.....	W.....
BARNLEY.....	P.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....	Goals.....	W.....
STOKE.....	P.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....	Goals.....	W.....
CLAPTON O.....	P.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....	Goals.....	W.....
CRISTAL PAL.....	P.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....	Goals.....	W.....
STOKE.....	P.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....	Goals.....	W.....
PORT VALE.....	P.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....	Goals.....	W.....
OLDHAM.....	P.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....	Goals.....	W.....
BLACKPOOL.....	P.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....	Goals.....	W.....
CRISTAL PAL.....	P.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....	Goals.....	W.....
NELSON.....	P.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....	Goals.....	W.....
WEDNESDAY.....	P.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....	Goals.....	W.....
LEICESTER C.....	P.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....	Goals.....	W.....
FULHAM.....	P.....	W.....	D.....	L.....	P.....	Goals.....	W.....